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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

Ang. "Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes."

Measure for Measure. Act 2, Scene 4.

HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BULLEN

"The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!"

I. 4. HENRY VIII

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 12

Measure for Measure
Henry VIII

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Measure for Measure was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pp. 61–84, and holds the fourth place among the "Comedies." No direct reference to the play has been found anterior to its publication in 1623, nor is there any record of its performance before the Restoration, when Davenant produced his *Law against Lovers*, a wretched attempt to fuse *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing* into one play.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

All arguments for the date of composition of *Measure for Measure* must be drawn from general considerations of style, and from alleged allusions. As regards the latter, it has been maintained that two passages (Act I, i, 68–71, and Act II, iv, 27–30), offer "a courtly apology for King James I's stately and ungracious demeanor on his entry into England," and various points of likeness in the character of the Duke and James have been detected. This evidence by itself would be of little value, but it certainly corroborates the æsthetic and metrical tests, which fix the date of composition about the year 1603–4. Further, in 1607, William Barksted, an admirer of our poet, published a poem, entitled *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis*, wherein occurs an obvious reminiscence of a passage in *Measure for Measure*:—

"And like as when some sudden extasie
Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man;

When he's discerned to swoon, straight by an by
Folke to his helpe confusedly have ran;
And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke."

(*cp. Measure for Measure*, II, iv, 24–27).

Mr. Stokes has advanced the ingenious conjecture that Barksted, as one of the children of the Revels, may have been the original actor of the part of Isabella.[1]

The strongest argument for the date 1603, generally adopted by critics, is derived from the many links between this play and *Hamlet;* they both contain similar reflections on Life and Death, though *Measure for Measure* "deals, not like *Hamlet* with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature" (W. Pater, *Appreciations*, p. 179). There are, moreover, striking parallelisms of expression in the two plays. Similarly, incidents in *Measure for Measure* recall *All's Well that Ends Well;* Isabella and Helena seem almost twin-sisters; but the questions at issue concerning the latter play are too intricate to warrant us in drawing conclusions as regards the date of the former play.

SOURCE OF THE PLAY

The plot of *Measure for Measure* was ultimately derived from the *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio (Decad. 8, Nov. 5): the direct source, however, was a dramatization of the story by George Whetstone, whose *Promos and Cassandra*, never acted, was printed in 1578. The title of this tedious production is noteworthy as indicating the rough outline of Shakespeare's original:—

The Right Excellent and Famous | History | of Promos and Cassandra; | divided into two Comical Discourses. | In the first part is shown, | the unsufferable abuse of a lewd Magistrate, | the virtuous behaviour of a chaste Lady; | the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured Courtesan,

[1] *Cp. The Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays;* H. P. Stokes; pp. 106–109.

| *and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious Parasite.* | *In the second part is discoursed,* | *the perfect magnanimity of a noble King* | *in checking Vice and favouring Virtue:* | *Wherein is shown* | *the Ruin and Overthrow of dishonest practices,* | *with the advancement of upright dealing.* | (*Cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library;* Part II, Vol. ii.)

In 1582 Whetstone included a prose version of the same story in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses,*—a version probably known to Shakespeare; it has even been inferred that "in this narrative he may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions."

The old play of *Promos and Cassandra* may claim the distinction of having provided the rough material for *Measure for Measure;* the earlier production should be read in order to understand, somewhat at least, how the poet has transformed his crude original; how he has infused into it a loftier motive; how he has ennobled its heroine, and created new episodes and new characters. The picture of the wronged, dejected mistress of the moated grange is wholly Shakespeare's.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of action consists of four days:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i, may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2 commences with Act I, sc. ii, and ends with Act IV, sc. ii.

Day 3 commences with Act IV, sc. ii, and ends with t IV, sc. iv.

Day 4 includes Act IV, scs. v and vi, and the whole of Act V, which is one scene only (P. A. Daniel; *On the Times in Shakespeare's Plays: New Shakespeare Soc.,* 1877–79).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Measure for Measure stands the fourth in the list of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed. The divisions and subdivisions of acts and scenes are carefully noted in the original edition, and at the end is a list of the persons represented, under the usual heading, "The names of all the actors." Though the general scope and sense of the dialogue are everywhere clear enough, there are several obscure and doubtful words and passages, which cause us to regret, more than in any of the preceding plays, the want of earlier impressions to illustrate, and rectify, or establish, the text. As it is, the right reading in some places can scarce be cleared of uncertainty, or placed beyond controversy.

The strongly-marked peculiarity in the language, cast of thought, and moral temper of *Measure for Measure*, have invested the play with great psychological interest, and bred a strange curiosity among critics to connect it in some way with the author's mental history; with some supposed crisis in his feelings and experience. Hence the probable date of its composition was for a long time argued more strenuously than the subject would otherwise seem to justify; and, as often falls out in such cases, the more the critics argued the point, the farther they were from coming to an agreement. But, what is not a little remarkable, the best thinkers have here struck widest of the truth; the dull matter-of-fact critics have borne the palm away from their more philosophical brethren;—an edifying instance how little the brightest speculation can do in questions properly falling within the domain of facts.

Tieck and Ulrici, proceeding mainly upon internal evidence, fix the date somewhere between 1609 and 1612; and it is quite curious to observe how confident and positive they are in their inferences: Ulrici, after stating the reasons of Tieck for 1612, says—"The later origin of the piece—certainly it did not precede 1609—is vouched still more strongly by the profound masculine earnestness which pervades it, and by the prevalence of the same tone of feeling which led Shakespeare to abandon the life and pursuits of London for his native town."

Until since these conclusions were put forth, the English critics, in default of other data, grounded their reasonings upon certain probable allusions to contemporary matters; especially those passages which express the Duke's fondness for "the life remov'd," and his aversion to being greeted by crowds of people: and Chalmers, a very considerable instance of critical dullness, had the sagacity to discover a sort of portrait-like resemblance in the Duke to King James I. As the King was undeniably a much better theologian than statesman or governor, the circumstance of the Duke's appearing so much more at home in the cowl and hood than in his ducal robes certainly lends some credit to this discovery. The King's unamiable repugnance to being gazed upon by throngs of admiring subjects is thus spoken of by a contemporary writer: "In his public appearance, especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say with curses." And his unhandsome bearing towards the crowds which, prompted by eager loyalty, flocked forth to hail his accession, is noted by several historians. But he was a pretty liberal, and, for the time, judicious encourager of the drama, as well as of other learned delectations; and with those who sought or had tasted his patronage it was natural that these symptoms of weakness, or of something worse, should pass for tokens of a wise superiority to the dainties of popular applause.

All which renders it quite probable that the Poet may

have had an eye to the King in the passages cited by Malone in support of his conjecture.

> "I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
> That does affect it."

> "And even so
> The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
> Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence."

The allusion here being granted, Malone's inference that the play was probably made soon after the King's accession, and before the effect of his unlooked-for austerity on this score had spent itself, was natural enough. Nor is the conjecture of Ulrici and others without weight, "that Shakespeare was led to the composition of the play by the rigoristic sentiments and arrogant virtue of the Puritans." And in this view several points of the main action might be aptly suggested at the time in question: for the King had scarcely set foot in England but he began to be worried by the importunities of that remarkable people, who had been feeding upon the hope, that by the sole exercise of his prerogative he would cast out surplice, Liturgy, and Episcopacy, and revolutionize the Church up to the Presbyterian model; it being a prime notion of theirs, that with the truth a minority, however small, was better than a majority, however large, without it.

Whether this view be fully warranted or not, it has been much strengthened by a recent discovery. The play is now known to have been acted at court December 26, 1604. For this knowledge we are indebted to Edmund Tylney's *Account of the Revels at Court*, preserved in the Audit Office, Somerset House, and lately edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham. Tylney was Master of the Revels from 1579 to 1610; and in his account of expenses for the year

beginning in October, 1604, occurs the following entry: "By His Majesty's players: On St. Stephen's night in the Hall a play called *Measure for Measure*." In a column headed "The Poets which made the Plays," our author is set down as "Mr. Shaxberd"; the writer not taking pains to know the right spelling of a name, the mentioning of which was to be the sole cause that his own should be remembered in after ages and on other continents.

The date of the play being so far ascertained, all the main probabilities allegeable from the play itself readily fall into harmony therewith. And it is rather remarkable that *Measure for Measure* most resembles some other plays, known to have been written about the same time, in those very characteristics which led the German critics to fix upon a later date. Which shows how weak, in such cases, the internal evidence of style, temper, and spirit is by itself, and yet how strong in connection with the external evidence of facts.

No question is made, that for some particulars in the plot and story of *Measure for Measure* the Poet was ultimately indebted to Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century. The original story forms the eighty-fifth in his *Hecatommithi*, or *Hundred Tales*. A youth named Ludovico is there overtaken in the same fault as Claudio; Juriste, a magistrate highly reputed for wisdom and justice, passes sentence of death upon him; and Epitia, Ludovico's sister, a virgin of rare gifts and graces, goes to pleading for her brother's life. Casting herself at the governor's feet, her beauty and eloquence, made doubly potent by the tears of suffering affection, have the same effect upon him as Isabella's upon Angelo. His proposals are rejected with scorn and horror; but the lady, overcome by the pathetic entreaties of her brother, at last yields to them under a solemn promise of marriage. His object being gained, the wicked man commits a double vow-breach, neither marrying the lady nor sparing her brother. She carries her cause to the Emperor, by whom Juriste is convicted, forced to marry her, and then sentenced to death;

but is at last pardoned at the suit of Epitia, who is now as earnest and eloquent for her husband as she had been for her brother. Her holy and heroic conduct touches him with remorse, and finally proves as effective in redeeming his character as it was in redeeming his life.

As early as 1578, this tale of Cinthio's was dramatized after a sort by George Whetstone. The title of Whetstone's performance runs thus: *The right excellent and famous History of Promos and Cassandra, divided into Comical Discourses.* In the conduct of the story Whetstone varies somewhat from his model; as may be seen by the following abstract of his argument:

In the city of Julio, then under the rule of Corvinus, King of Hungary, there was a law that for incontinency the man should lose his head, and the woman be marked out for infamy by her dress. Through the indulgence of magistrates this severe law came to be little regarded. At length the government falling into the hands of Lord Promos, he revived the terrible statute, and, a youth named Andrugio being convicted of the fault in question, resolved to visit the penalties in their utmost rigor upon both him and his partner in guilt. Andrugio had a sister of great virtue and accomplishment, named Cassandra, who undertook to sue for his life. Her good behavior, great beauty, and the sweet order of her talk wrought so far with the governor as to induce a short reprieve; but, his love soon turning into lust, he set down the spoil of her honor as the ransom; but she, abhorring both him and his suit, could by no persuasion be won to his wish. Unable, however, to stand out against the pathetic pleadings of her brother, she at last yielded to the wicked man's proposal, upon condition that he should pardon her brother and then marry her. This he solemnly vowed to do; but, his wish being gained, instead of keeping his vows, he ordered the jailer to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The jailer, knowing what the governor had done, and touched with the outcries of Andrugio, took the head of a felon just executed, and set the other at liberty.

Cassandra, thinking the head to be her brother's, was at the point to kill herself for grief at this treachery, but spared that stroke to be avenged of the traitor. She devised to make her case known to the King, and he forthwith hastened to do justice upon Promos, ordering that to repair the lady's honor he should marry her, and then for his crime against the state lose his head. No sooner was Cassandra a wife, than all her rhetoric of eye, tongue, and action was tasked to procure the pardon of her husband; but the King, tendering the public good more than hers, denied her suit. At length Andrugio, overcome by his sister's grief, made himself known; for he had all the while been about the place in disguise; whereupon the King, to honor the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos.

In 1582 Whetstone published his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, containing a prose version of the same tale. He was a writer of learning and talent, but not such that even the instructions of Shakespeare could have made him capable of dramatic excellence; and, as he had no such benefit, his performance, as might be expected, is insipid and worthless enough. It is observable that he deviates most from Cinthio in managing to bring Andrugio off alive; and from Shakespeare's concurring with him herein it may be fairly inferred that the borrowings were from him, not from the original author. The Poet, moreover, represents the illicit meeting of Claudio and Juliet as taking place under the shield of a solemn betrothment; which very much softens their fault, as marriage bonds were already upon them, and proportionably heightens the injustice of Angelo, as it brings upon him the guilt of making the law responsible for his own arbitrary rigor. Beyond this outline of the story, it does not appear that Shakespeare took any thing from Whetstone more than a few slight hints and casual expressions. And a comparison of the two performances were very far from abating the Poet's fame; it being more creditable to have lifted the story out of the mire into such a region of art and

poetry than to have invented it. The main original feature in the plot of *Measure for Measure* is the part of Mariana, which puts a new life into the whole, and purifies it almost into another nature; as it prevents the soiling of Isabella's holy womanhood, suggests an apt reason for the Duke's mysterious conduct, and yields a pregnant motive for Angelo's pardon, in that his life is thereby bound up with that of a wronged and innocent woman, whom his crimes are made the occasion of restoring to her rights and happiness, so that her virtue may be justly allowed to reprieve him from death.

In the comic scenes of Whetstone's play there is all the grossness of *Measure for Measure*, unredeemed by any thing that the utmost courtesy of language can call wit or humor: here, as Shakespeare took no help, so he can have no excuse, from his predecessor. But he probably saw that some such matter was required by the scheme of the work and the laws of artistic proportion; and as in these parts the truth and character are all his own, so he can scarce be blamed for not anticipating the delicacy of later times, there being none such in the most refined audiences of his day: and his choice of a subject so ugly in itself is amply justified by the many sweet lessons of virtue and wisdom which he has used it as an opportunity of delivering. To have trained and taught a barbarous tale of cruelty and lust into such a rich mellow fruitage of poetry and humanity, may be safely left to offset whatsoever of offense there may be in the play to modern taste. Perhaps the hardest thing to digest is the conduct of Angelo, as being too improbable for a work of art or fiction; though history has recorded several instances substantially the same,—of which probably the most familiar to English and American ears is that of Colonel Kirke, a lewd and inhuman minion of James II, whose crimes, however, did not exclude him from the favor of William III.

We have already referred to certain characteristics of style and temper which this play shares with several oth-

ers written about the same period, and which have been thought to mark some crisis in the Poet's life. It cannot well be denied that the plays in question have something of a peculiar spirit, which might aptly suggest that some rude uncivil shock must have untuned the melody of his soul; that some passage of bitter experience must have turned the sweet milk of his genius for a time into gall, and put him upon a course of harsh and ungentle thought. The matter is well stated by Mr. Hallam: "There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience: the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and one rather more severe in the Duke of *Measure for Measure*. In all these, however, it is merely a contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amid feigned gayety and extravagance. In Lear, it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon, it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy." Mr. Verplanck speaks in a similar strain of "that portion of the author's life which was memorable for the production of *Othello*, with all its bitter passion; the additions to the original *Hamlet*, with their melancholy wisdom; probably of *Timon*, with his indignant and hearty scorn, and rebukes of the baseness of civilized society; and above all of *Lear*,

with its dark pictures of unmixed, unmitigated guilt, and its terrible and prophet-like denunciations."

These words certainly carry much weight, and may go far to warrant the suggestion of the same authors, that the Poet was visited with some external calamity, which wrought itself into his moral frame; some assault of fortune, that wrenched his mind from its once smooth and happy course, causing it to recoil upon itself and brood over its own thoughts. Yet there are considerable difficulties besetting a theory of this kind. For there is no proof that *Timon*, but much that *Twelfth Night*, was written during the period in question: besides, even in the plays referred to there is so much of unquestionable difference blended with the acknowledged likeness, as will greatly embarrass, if not quite defeat, such a theory. But whatsoever may have caused the peculiar tone, the darker cast of thought, in these plays, it is pleasing to know that that darkness passed away; the clear azure, soft sunshine, and serene sweetness of *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* being unquestionably of a later date. And surely, in the life of so thoughtful a man as Shakespeare, there might well be, nay, there must needs have been, times when, without any special woundings or bruisings of fortune, his mind got fascinated by the awful mystery, the appalling presence of evil that haunts our fallen nature.

That these hours, however occasioned, were more frequent at one period of his life than at others, is indeed probable. And it was equally natural that their coming should sometimes engage him in heart-tugging and brain-sweating efforts to scrutinize the inscrutable workings of human guilt, and thus stamp itself strongly upon the offspring of his mind. Thus, without any other than the ordinary progress of thoughtful spirits, we should naturally have a middle period, when the early enthusiasm of hope and successful endeavor had passed away, and before the deeper, calmer, but not less cheerful tranquillity of resignation had set in, the experienced insufficiency of man for himself having charmed the wrestlings of thought into

repose, and his spirit having undergone the chastening and subduing power of life's sterner discipline.

In some such passage as this, then, we should rather presume the unique conception of *Measure for Measure* to have been wrought up in his mind. We say unique, because this is his only instance of comedy where the wit seems to foam and sparkle up from a fountain of bitterness; where even the humor is made pungent with sarcasm; and where the poetry is marked with tragic austerity. In none of his plays does he exhibit less of learning upon preexisting models, or a more manly negligence, perhaps sometimes carried to excess, of those lighter graces of manner which none but the greatest minds may safely despise. His genius is here out in all its colossal individuality, and he seems to have meant it should be so; as if he felt that he had now reached his mastership; as if a large experience and long testing of his powers had taught him a just self-reliance, and given him to know that, from being the offspring, he was to become the soul of his age; that from his accumulated and well-practised learnings he had built up a power to teach still nobler lessons; so that, instead of leaning any longer upon those who had gone before, he was to be himself a safe leaning-place for those that were to follow.

Accordingly, if we here miss something of what Wordsworth finely calls

> "That monumental grace
> Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
> That Reason *should* control,
> And shows in the untrembling frame
> A statue of the soul";

yet we have the wise though fearless grapplings and strugglings of mind with thoughts too big for human mastery, whereby the imperfection was in due time to be outgrown. The thought is strong, and in its strength careless of appearances, and rather wishing than fearing to have its roughnesses seen: the style is rugged, irregular,

abrupt, sometimes running into an almost forbidding sternness, but every where throbbing with life; the words, direct of movement, sudden and sure of result, always going right to the spot, and leaving none of their work undone: with but little of elaborate grace or finish, we have a few bold, deep strokes, where the want of finer softenings and shadings is more than made up by increased energy and expressiveness: often a rush and flood of thought is condensed and rammed into a line or clause, so that the life thereof beats and reverberates through the whole scene. Hence, perhaps, it is, in part, that so many axioms and "brief sententious precepts" of moral and political wisdom from this play have wrought themselves into the currency and familiarity of household words, and live for instruction or comfort in the memory of many who know nothing of their original source.

Whether from the nature of the subject, or the mode of treating it, or both, *Measure for Measure* is generally regarded as one of the least attractive, though most instructive, of Shakespeare's plays. Coleridge, in those precious fragments of his critical lectures, which now form our best text-book of English criticism, says,—"This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful—say rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the μισητόν,—the one being disgusting, the other horrible; and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong indignant claims of justice, (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseness, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of;) but it is likewise degrading to woman." This language, though there is much in other critics to bear it out, seems not a little stronger than the subject will fairly justify; and when, in his *Table Talk*, he says that "Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable," we can by no means go along with him.

It would seem indeed as if undue censure had often passed, not so much on the play itself, as upon some of

the persons, from trying them by a moral standard which cannot be fairly applied to them, as they are not supposed to have any means of knowing it; or from not duly weighing all the circumstances, feelings, and motives under which they are represented as acting. Thus Ulrici speaks of Claudio as being guilty of seduction: which is surely wide of the mark; it being clear enough, that by the standard of morality then and there approved, he was, as he considered himself, virtually married, though not admissible to all the rights of the married life; in accordance with what the Duke says to Mariana, that there would be no crime in her meeting with Angelo, because he was her "husband on a pre-contract." And who does not know that, in ancient times, the ceremony of betrothment conferred the marriage tie, but not the nuptials, so that the union of the parties was thenceforth firm in the eyes of the law itself? Mr. Hallam, in like sort, speaking of Isabella, says,—"One is disposed to ask, whether, if Claudio had been really executed, the spectator would not have gone away with no great affection for her; and at least we now feel that her reproaches against her miserable brother, when he clings to life like a frail and guilty being, are too harsh." In reply to the first part of which, we would venture to ask this accomplished critic whether she would not have suffered a still greater depreciation in his esteem, if she had yielded to Angelo's proposal. As to the second part, though we do indeed feel that Claudio were rather to be pitied than blamed, whatever course he had taken in so terrible an alternative, yet the conduct of his sister strikes us as every way creditable to her. Her reproaches were indeed too harsh, if they appeared to spring from any want of love; but as it is their very harshness does her honor, as it shows the natural workings of a tender and deep affection, in an agony of disappointment at being counseled, by one for whom she would die, to an act which she shrinks from with noble horror, and justly regards as worse than death. We have here the keen anguish of conflicting feelings venting itself in a severity

which, though certainly undeserved, only serves to disclose the more impressively the treasured riches of her character. And the same judicious writer, after stating that, without the part of Mariana, "the story could not have had any thing like a satisfactory termination," goes on,—"Yet it is never explained how the Duke had become acquainted with this secret, and, being acquainted with it, how he had preserved his esteem and confidence in Angelo." But surely we are given to understand in the outset that the Duke has not preserved the esteem and confidence in question. In his first scene with friar Thomas, among his reasons for the action he has on foot, he makes special mention of this one:

> "Lord Angelo is precise;
> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows, or that his appetite
> Is more to bread than stone: *hence shall we see,*
> *If power change purpose, what our seemers be":*

thus inferring that his main purpose, in assuming the disguise of a monk, is to unmask the deputy, and demonstrate to others what himself has long known. And the Duke throws out other hints of a belief or suspicion that Lord Angelo is angling for emolument or popular breath, and baiting his hook with great apparent strictness and sanctity of life; thus putting on sheep's clothing to the end that he may play the wolf with safety and success. Nor was there much cause for explaining how the Duke came by the secret concerning Mariana; it being enough that he knows it, that the knowledge thereof justifies his distrust, and that when the time comes he uses it for a good purpose; the latter part of the work thus throwing light on what has gone before, and the former preparing the mind for what is to follow. Nor is it unreasonable to presume that one of the Duke's motives for the stratagem was, that he was better able to understand the deputy's character than persuade others of it: for a man of his wisdom, even if he had no available facts in the case, could hardly be ignorant that an austerity so theatrical as

Angelo's must needs be not so much a virtue as an art; and that one so forward to air his graces and *make* his light shine could scarce intend thereby any other glory than his own.

Yet Angelo is not so properly a hypocrite as a self-deceiver. For it is very considerable that he wishes to be, and sincerely thinks that he is what he affects and appears to be; as is plain from his consternation at the wickedness which opportunity awakens into conscious action within him. For a most searching and pregnant exposition of this type of character the reader may be referred to Bishop Butler's *Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th of January;* where that great and good man, whose every sentence is an acorn of wisdom, speaks of a class of men who "try appearances upon themselves as well as upon the world, and with at least as much success; and choose to manage so as to make their own minds easy with their faults, which can scarce be done without management, rather than to mend them." Thus Angelo for self-ends imitates sanctity, and gets taken in by his own imitation. His original fault lay in forgetting or ignoring his own frailty. As a natural consequence, his "darling sin is pride that apes humility"; and his pride of virtue, his conceit of purity, "my gravity wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride," while it keeps him from certain vices, is itself a far greater vice than any it keeps him from; insomuch that Isabella's presence may almost be said to *elevate* him into lust. And perhaps the array of low and loathsome vices, which the Poet has clustered about him in the persons of Lucio, the Clown, and Mrs. Overdone, was necessary to make us feel how unspeakably worse than any or all of these is Angelo's pride of virtue. It can hardly be needful to add, that in Angelo this "mystery of iniquity" is depicted with a truth and sternness of pencil, that could scarce have been achieved but in an age fruitful in living examples of it.

The placing of Isabella, "a thing enskied and sainted," and who truly *is* all that Angelo seems, side by side with

such a breathing shining mass of pitch, is one of those dramatic audacities wherein none perhaps but a Shakespeare could safely indulge. Of her character the most prolific hint that is given is what she says to the Duke, when he is urging her to fasten her ear on his advisings touching the part of Mariana: "I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit." That is, she cares not what face the action may wear to the world, nor how much reproach it may bring upon her from others, if it will only leave her the society, which she has never parted from, of a clean breast and an unsoiled conscience. In strict keeping with this, her character appears to us among the finest, in some respects the very finest in Shakespeare's matchless cabinet of female excellence. Called from the cloister, where she is on the point of taking the veil of earthly renouncement, to plead for her brother's life, she comes forth a saintly anchoress, clad in the sweet austere composures of womanhood, to throw the light of her virgin soul upon the dark, loathsome scenes and characters around her. With great strength of intellect and depth of feeling she unites an equal power of imagination, the whole being pervaded, quickened, and guided by a still, intense religious enthusiasm. And because her virtue is securely rooted and grounded in religion, therefore she never once thinks of it as her own, but only as a gift from the God whom she loves, and who is her only hope for the keeping of what she has. Which suggests the fundamental point of contrast between her and Angelo, whose virtue, if such it may be called, is nothing, nay, worse than nothing, because it is one of his own making, and has no basis but pride, which is itself but a bubble. Accordingly, there is a vestal beauty about her, to which we know of nothing equal save in the lives of some of the whitest saints. The power and pathos with which she pleads for her brother are well known. At first she is timid, distrustful of her powers, shrinking with modest awe of the law's appointed organ; and she seems drawn unawares into the heights of moral argument and

the most sweetly-breathing strains of Gospel wisdom. Much of what she says has become domesticated wherever the English language is spoken, and would long since have grown old, if it were possible by any means to crush the freshness of immortal youth out of it.

The Duke has been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The Poet—than whom it would not be easy to find a better judge of what belongs to wisdom and goodness—seems to have meant him for a wise and good man; yet he has represented him as having rather more skill and pleasure in strategical arts and roundabout ways than is altogether compatible with such a character. Some of his alleged reasons for the action he is going about reflect no honor on him; but it is observable that the result does not approve them to have been his real ones: his conduct at the end infers better motives than his speech offered at the beginning; which naturally suggests that there may have been more of purpose than of truth in his statement of them. A liberal, sagacious, and merciful prince, but with more of whim and caprice than suits the dignity of his place, humanity speaks richly from his lips; yet in his action the philosopher and divine is better shown than the statesman; and he seems to take a very questionable delight in moving about as an unseen providence, by secret counsels leading the wicked designs of others to safe and wholesome issues. Schlegel thinks "he has more pleasure in overhearing his subjects than in governing them in the usual way of princes"; and sets him down as an exception to the proverb,—"A cowl does not make a monk": and perhaps his princely virtues are somewhat obscured by the disguise which so completely transforms him into a monk. Whether he acts upon the wicked principle with which that fraternity is so often reproached, or not, it is pretty certain that some of his means can be justified by nothing but the end: so that if he be not himself wrong in what he does, he has no shield from the charge but the settled custom of the order whose functions he undertakes. Schlegel justly remarks, that "Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of

religious parties, delights in painting monks, and always represents their influence as beneficial; there being in his plays none of the black and knavish specimens, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has put some modern poets upon delineating. He merely gives his monks an inclination to be busy in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; though in respect of pious frauds he does not make them very scrupulous." As to the Duke's pardon of Angelo, though Justice seems to cry out against the act, yet in the premises it were still more unjust in him to do otherwise; the deception he has practised upon Angelo in the substituting of Mariana having plainly bound him to the course he takes. For the same power whereby he effects this could easily have prevented Angelo's crime; and to punish the offense after thus withholding the means of prevention were obviously wrong; not to mention how his proceedings here involve an innocent person, so that he ought to spare Angelo for her sake, if not for his own. Nor does it strike us as very prudent to set bounds to the grace of repentance, or to say what amount of sin must render a man incapable of it. All which may in some measure explain the Duke's severity to the smaller crime of Lucio after his clemency to the greater one of Angelo.

Lucio is one of those mixed characters, such as are often generated amidst the refinements of city life, in whom low and disgusting vices, and a frivolity still more offensive, are blended with engaging manners and some manly sentiments. Thus he appears a gentleman and a blackguard by turns, and, what is more, does really unite something of these seemingly incompatible qualities. With a true eye and a just sympathy for virtue in others, yet, so far as we can see, he cares not a jot to have it in himself. And while his wanton, waggish levity seems too much for any generous feeling to consist with, still he shows a strong and hearty friendship for Claudio; as if on purpose to teach us how "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

Dr. Johnson rather oddly remarks, that "the comic scenes are natural and pleasing"; not indeed but that the remark is true enough, but that it seems rather out of character. And if these scenes please, it is not so much from any fund of mirthful exhilaration, or any genial gushes of wit and humor, as from the reckless, unsympathizing freedom, not unmingled with touches of scorn, with which the deformities of mankind are shown up. The contrast between the right-thoughted, well-meaning Claudio, a generous spirit walled in with overmuch infirmity, and Barnardine, a frightful petrifaction of humanity, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come," is in the Poet's boldest manner.

Nevertheless, the general current of things is far from musical, and the issues greatly disappoint the reader's feelings. The drowsy Justice, which we expect and wish to see awakened, and set in living harmony with Mercy, apparently relapses at last into a deeper sleep than ever. Our loyalty to Womanhood is not a little wounded by the humiliations to which poor Mariana stoops, at the ghostly counsels of her spiritual guide, that she may twine her life with that of the cursed hypocrite who has wronged her sex so deeply. That, amid the general impunity of so much crime, the mere telling of some ridiculous lies to the Duke about himself should draw down a disproportionate severity upon Lucio, the lively, unprincipled jester and wag, who might well be let pass as a privileged character, makes the whole look more as if done in mockery of justice than in honor of mercy. Except, indeed, the noble unfolding of Isabella, scarce any thing turns out as we would have it; nor are we much pleased at seeing her diverted from the quiet tasks and holy contemplations which she is so able and worthy to enjoy.

It will not be amiss to add, that the title of this play is apt to give a wrong impression of its scope and purpose. *Measure for Measure* is in itself equivocal; but the subject-matter here fixes it to be taken in the sense, not of the old Jewish proverb, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth

for a tooth," but of the divine precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Thus the title falls in with that noble line by Coleridge, "What nature makes us mourn, she bids us heal"; or with a similar passage in *The Merchant of Venice*, "We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

ISABELLA

Isabella has also the innate dignity which renders her "queen o'er herself," but she has lived far from the world and its pomps and pleasures; she is one of a consecrated sisterhood—a novice of St. Clare; the power to command obedience and to confer happiness are to her unknown. Portia is a splendid creature, radiant with confidence, hope, and joy. She is like the orange-tree, hung at once with golden fruit and luxuriant flowers, which has expanded into bloom and fragrance beneath favoring skies, and has been nursed into beauty by the sunshine and the dews of heaven. Isabella is like a stately and graceful cedar, towering on some alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm. She gives us the impression of one who has passed under the ennobling discipline of suffering and self-denial: a melancholy charm tempers the natural vigor of her mind: her spirit seems to stand upon an eminence, and look down upon the world as if already enskyed and sainted; and yet when brought in contact with that world which she inwardly despises, she shrinks back with all the timidity natural to her cloistral education.—Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

But the poet in Shakespeare comes first, and the philosopher only second; and the title of the play should rather be "Isabella." It is better to know the dramas of Shakespeare by their women than by their philosophy; and of these women Isabella is the *best.* You may like them for several virtues, these women; and by the word "best" I

mean the most "moral"; this accords with the whole scheme of the play. Isabella—we conclude with the poet's own description—is a saint. I am not quoting "a thing ensky'd and sainted"; these words have reference to the cloister; but I allude to III, i, 186–7. Again, let me illustrate, and by comparison; there is no inductive method in literature. Isabella we may compare with the Portia of *The Merchant of Venice,* and the distinction is most striking; she combines all the daring of Portia with cold calmness and a hesitancy of peculiar charm. Portia would have importuned Angelo quite otherwise (II, ii); Isabella is at war 'twixt will and will not; but for the urgency of Lucio she might have withdrawn from the contest; this is one of the finest things in the play. But as she proceeds, love dominates the scruple of morality, and she gains the respite of another interview.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE DUKE

The reigning Duke, who had thus allowed this law to slumber, had done so from kindness of heart and innate mildness. He thinks himself justified in bearing testimony to himself that even to the envious he must appear a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. He holds that high moral opinion that the ruler and judge ought to be as holy as he is severe, a pattern in himself, "grace to stand and virtue go"; he considers him as a tyrant who punishes in others the faults into which he falls himself. His whole nature is that of a man of moderation, gentleness, and calmness, his whole endeavor that of a circumspect philosopher. He loves his people, but he does not relish their loud applause and thronging, nor does he think the man of safe discretion that affects it. He has a leaning to solitude, and plays the part of a friar perhaps even better than that of a statesman; his earnest endeavor was always to know himself, but it also seemed a kind of necessity with him to know men and to test the instruments of his rule. This circumspect wisdom, never seeing things im-

perfectly or from one point of view, shows itself also in his conduct respecting the morality or immorality of the people of Vienna, which by degrees had attained to such a height that the prince could no longer remain inactive. He is himself not of a sensual nature, but he does not, like Angelo, judge those who are so with unreasonable severity and strictness. In this mild spirit he has allowed those severe laws to slumber, but by this he has given free course to crime; these fruits of his kindness rouse him into seeking a remedy. But even while he now has recourse to severity, he allows himself to be governed by the same two-sided consideration which is throughout peculiar to him; he reflects that it would be tyrannical in him if he, who by his lenity had first given a free passage to sin, should all of a sudden turn to rigor. He therefore withdraws himself, and imposes on a deputy this office of making the change from the hitherto lax administration of justice to a new inculcation of the old, neglected, and severe laws.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

CLAUDIO'S SIN

With deliberate distinctness, which hasty reading must not be allowed to blur, Shakspere has set forth the circumstances which bring this young man, who in Whetstone's version was an ordinary libertine, within the scope of the terrible statute. He had been contracted to Juliet, and had lived with her as his wife, though the outward form of marriage had been postponed, because Juliet's dowry remained in the coffer of her friends, whose favor had yet to be gained for the union. A contracted couple, from the Elizabethan point of view, were looked upon as joined in wedlock, and thus Claudio's sin was merely one in name. Moreover—and it is one of the dramatist's most subtle and original uses of parallelism—Claudio's relation to Juliet had been almost of a piece with that of Angelo to Mariana. But where the one had for wordly reasons left his already affianced bride in the lurch, the other with generous im-

petuosity had preferred disregard of an outward form to heartless desertion. Thus Claudio's transgression is in itself most venial, and Angelo is the last man justified in visiting it with condign penalties. The humane Escalus pleads the mitigating effect of circumstances, the infirmity of human nature, the unsullied record of Claudio's house. He upholds that the true function of law is to cure, not to destroy, to "rather cut a little than fall and bruise to death." But Angelo is remorseless. He is the consummate type of the martinet official whose circle of vision is bounded by the narrow horizon of his department, who drives a code mercilessly through the delicately complex mechanism of society, and to whom the claims of red-tape are more sacred than those of human flesh and blood. The one imperious idea that the law must take its course fills his mind to the exclusion of all else, and Escalus' appeal is met with the dry, pitiless formula, "Sir, he must die."—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

POMPEY

Pompey, the Clown, is a copy from the life, so far as his original calling goes. One class of the domestic fool-jester in our poet's time was a hireling attendant at the taverns and places of profligate resort in the suburbs of great towns. Here the dramatist, for his purpose, had to introduce such a personage; and he has drawn him with all the bold strong colors required by the occasion. But he has given him humor, in a degree redeeming the coarseness; and wit, that points the moral, while it helps to withdraw attention from the grosser details of the picture that he judged it needful to draw.

The philosophy of making the Clown meet in the jail, imprisoned for debt, so many of the idle young men about town whom he had formerly encountered in haunts of dissipation, is sound doctrine, and sufficiently indicates the motive which induced the treating of so untoward a subject.

There is one speech he makes—a sharp satire upon *respectable* iniquitous trades—which alone lifts him into importance among the *dramatis personæ:*—" 'Twas never merry world since, of two *usuries,* the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by *order of law,* a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb skins, too, to signify, that craft being richer than innocency, stands for the *facing.*"—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE SCENE

The city of Vienna is the scene of the play—it is represented as a very sink of sensual defilement, corrupted and ravaged in every physical and moral quality, the consequence of the suspension, for fourteen years, of the activity of most severe statutes framed to check the national tendency to grossness and license. The delineation of such a state, of course presents us with images and persons disgusting and contemptible in every sense; and this is one great cause of the uncongenial effect of the entire play. The progress of public demoralization is rather exaggerated than relieved by the character of the reaction, to which it has conduced. Dissoluteness in one quarter is compensated by austerity equally in excess in another, and the pride of unblushing and ostentatious vice, is matched by equal parade of ostentatious virtue. The picture is a true one of the effect on morals, of laws or maxims too severe to be executed; and the action of the play exhibits the farther disorder and complication resulting from the mere revival of unamended statutes, that had never become obsolete but for their need of amendment, and can scarcely have a better fate again. All the questions involved are brought to issue in the play, though it scarcely leaves assurance in conclusion, that the instructive experience will have its full weight for the future. We are spectators of a receptacle of stagnant impurities in vehement ferment, and working through stages of decomposition, but the hope of ultimate purification is scarcely set forth

so cheeringly as to compensate for the disagreeableness of what we witness, and to interest our sympathies in the result.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

THE PECULIAR COLORING OF THE PLAY

The reason that *Measure for Measure* enjoys so little approbation—in spite of its wealth of profound thoughts and its life-like, sharply-delineated and well-developed characters (which are as important as they are original), and in spite also of its perfectly Shakespearean language and composition—does not, I think, lie so much in the subject-matter of the action, which is certainly repulsive and offensive to our more delicate, perhaps only the effeminate state of our feelings, as in the peculiar coloring of the piece. I mean to say it is a fault in the drama, that the pharisaism and the various vices which are contrasted with it are exhibited in colors too glaring and in outlines too sharp, hence in an almost revolting manner; that, in the struggle with the enemy which it attacks, the drama becomes offensive, sharp, and bitter; that it tries to arouse our disgust, and to engage our whole soul against this enemy, and thus, as it were, invites us to give our assistance in combating it, to engage in real action in ordinary life, in place of raising us above the latter into the ideal spheres of art. Perhaps this was Shakspeare's object; he may have written the piece or remodeled it subsequently, with the express intention of arousing a spirit of sound, true morality in the nation in opposition to the Puritanical proceedings. But even though he had the most urgent occasion for so doing, from an artistic point of view, this tendency was a fault. The sharpness, the bitterness, the rousing of our feelings and the moral seriousness—which is pressed so much into the foreground and degenerates into prosaic moralizing—are so many offenses against the nature of poetry, and weaken the effect that art alone ought to produce.—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

A PLAY OF CROSS-PURPOSES

This is a play as full of genius as it is of wisdom. Yet there is an original sin in the nature of the subject, which prevents us from taking a cordial interest in it. "The height of moral argument" which the author has maintained in the intervals of passion or blended with the more powerful impulses of nature, is hardly surpassed in any of his plays. But there is in general a want of passion; the affections are at a stand; our sympathies are repulsed and defeated in all directions. The only passion which influences the story is that of Angelo; and yet he seems to have a much greater passion for hypocrisy than for his mistress. Neither are we greatly enamored of Isabella's rigid chastity, though she could not act otherwise than she did. We do not feel the same confidence in the virtue that is "sublimely good" at another's expense, as if it had been put to some less disinterested trial. As to the Duke, who makes a very imposing and mysterious stage-character, he is more absorbed in his own plots and gravity than anxious for the welfare of the state; more tenacious of his own character than attentive to the feelings and apprehensions of others. Claudio is the only person who feels naturally; and yet he is placed in circumstances of distress which almost preclude the wish for his deliverance. Mariana is also in love with Angelo, whom we hate. In this respect, there may be said to be a general system of cross-purposes between the feelings of the different characters and the sympathy of the reader or the audience. This principle of repugnance seems to have reached its height in the character of Master Barnardine, who not only sets at defiance the opinions of others, but has even thrown off all self-regard,—"one that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, and to come." He is a fine antithesis to the morality and the hypocrisy of the other characters of the play.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

AN IMPEACHMENT OF HYPOCRISY

In this very unequally elaborated play, it is evident that Shakespeare cared only for the main point—the blow he was striking at hypocrisy. And it is probable that he here ventured as far as he by any means dared. It is a giant stride from the stingless satire on Puritanism in the character of Malvolio to this representation of a Puritan like Angelo. Probably for this very reason, Shakespeare has tried in every way to shield himself. The subject is treated entirely as a comedy. There is a threat of executing first Claudio, then the humorous scoundrel Barnardine, whose head is to be delivered instead of Claudio's; Barnardine is actually brought on the scene directly before execution, and the spectators sit in suspense; but all ends well at last, and the head of a man already dead is sent to Angelo. A noble maiden is threatened with dishonor; but another woman, Mariana, who was worthy of a better fate, keeps tryst with Angelo in her stead, and this danger is over. Finally, threats of retribution close round Angelo, the villain, himself; but after all he escapes unpunished, being merely obliged to marry the amiable girl whom he had at an earlier period deserted. In this way the play's terrible impeachment of hypocrisy is most carefully glozed over, and along with it the pessimism which animates the whole. —Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

There stands the Duke, the representative of a benevolent and tolerant executive power which does not meddle with the people,—which subjects them to no harsh restrictions,—which surrounds them with no biting penalties; but which utterly fails in carrying out the essential principle of government when it disregards prevention, and sees no middle course between neglect and punishment. A new system is to be substituted; the *laissez faire* is to be succeeded by the "axe upon the block, very ready"; and

then come all the commonplaces by which a reign of terror is to be defended:—

> "We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
> Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
> And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
> Their perch, and not their terror."
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
> Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
> If the first that did the edict infringe
> Had answer'd for his deed; now, 't is awake."

The philosophical poet sweeps these saws away with an indignation which is the more emphatic as coming from the mouth of the only truly moral character of the whole drama:—

> "Could great men thunder
> As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
> For every pelting, petty officer,
> Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder."

But he does more—he exhibits to us the every-day working of the hot fit succeeding the cold of legislative and executive power. It works always with injustice. The Duke of the comedy is behind the scenes, and sees how it works. The weak governor resumes his authority, and with it he must resume his principles, and he therefore pardons all. The mouth-repenting deputy, and the callous ruffian, they each escape. We forget; he does not pardon *all;* the prating coxcomb, who has spoken slander of his own person, is alone punished. Was this accident in the poet? Great crimes may be looked over by weak governments, but the pettiest libeller of power is inevitably punished. The catastrophe of this comedy necessarily leaves upon the mind an unsatisfactory impression. Had Angelo been adequately punished it would have been more unsatisfactory. When the Duke took the management of the affair into his own hands, and averted the consequences of Angelo's evil intentions by a series of deceptions, he threw away the power of punishing those evil in-

tentions. We agree with Coleridge that the pardon and marriage of Angelo "baffle the strong indignation claims of justice"; but we cannot see how it could be otherwise. The poet, as it appears to us, exhibits to the end the inadequacy of human laws to enforce public morals upon a system of punishment. But he has not forgotten to exhibit to us incidentally the most beautiful lessons of tolerance; not using *Measure for Measure* in the sense of the *jus talionis*, but in a higher spirit—that spirit which moves Isabella to supplicate for mercy towards him who had most wronged her:—

> "Most bounteous sir,
> Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
> As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
> A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
> Till he did look on me; since it is so,
> Let him not die."

—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke*
ANGELO, *Deputy*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman*
LUCIO, *a fantastic*
Two other gentlemen
PROVOST
THOMAS, } *two friars*
PETER, }
A Justice
VARRIUS
ELBOW, *a simple constable*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone*
ABHORSON, *an executioner*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio*
FRANCISCA, *a nun*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants

SCENE: *Vienna*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Angelo, a man of Vienna who bears the reputation of a saint because of his strict and upright life, is chosen by Vincentio, Duke of that city, as his deputy in order that certain moral reforms may be introduced without lessening the popularity of the Duke. The latter announces that he intends to visit Poland, but instead of leaving the city, he disguises himself as a friar and secretly watches Angelo. The first victim of the new rule is a young gentleman, Claudio, whose betrothed, Juliet, is with child by him. The deputy invokes an old law which had not been used in nineteen years, and for this offense sentences Claudio to be executed in three days. The same day on which this judgment is passed is the one on which Isabella, sister to Claudio, is to enter a cloister. On hearing of her brother's trouble, she determines to petition the deputy for his life.

ACT II

Isabella pleads in vain at her first audience with Angelo, but she arouses in him a passion which had always seemed foreign to his cold nature. At her second interview, he plainly tells her that she can buy her brother's safety with her own honor. She refuses him and determines to tell her brother how her suit has failed, saying "better it were a brother died at once, than that a sister, by redeeming him, should die forever."

ACT III

She hastens to Claudio and exhorts him to prepare for death, since his life can only be purchased by perpetual shame. At first Claudio commends her decision, but his fear of death weakens him and he pleads with her to yield to Angelo and save him. Isabella reproaches him and is about to leave him when they are interrupted by the Duke in his friar's garb. He has overheard their entire conversation and he now shows Isabella a way of saving her brother without sacrificing her honor: she is to pretend to yield to the entreaties of Angelo, to make an assignation with him, and then to send in her place Mariana, a young gentlewoman who had been promised in marriage to Angelo and whom he had deserted on the loss of her dowry.

ACT IV

Mariana consents to the enterprise. But Angelo does not keep his part of the agreement, for as soon as he has had his will with the supposed Isabella, he orders the immediate execution of Claudio. The provost of the prison on the disguised Duke's persuasion, sends to Angelo the head of another man who had just died a natural death in the prison and who resembled Claudio. The Duke then writes the deputy that he will soon return home.

ACT V

Angelo and the court officials meet the Duke at the city gates. Mariana and Isabella are also there, and the latter calls upon the Duke to redress her wrongs, openly accusing the deputy of being a virgin-violator and a murderer. In feigned anger the Duke orders her under arrest. Mariana now comes forward with her accusations. The Duke leaves the inquiry in Angelo's hand and he himself retires to don his friar's habit that he may be called as a witness in the examination of the two women. During the sessions, the Duke reveals himself. He orders

Angelo to marry Mariana, and that being accomplished, he sentences the man to die. The pleading of Mariana and Isabella avert this penalty. Claudio is freed from his prison and ordered to marry Juliet. The Duke himself sues for Isabella's hand.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ACT FIRST

Scene I

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.
Escal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency . . . . .
. . . . . as your worth is able,

8, 9. There is no gap in the Folios, which is due to Theobald's plausible theory that the obscurity of the passage is due to some careless omission on the part of the printers. Various attempts have been made to explain the lines, *e. g.* "But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled" (Johnson); "But your sufficiency as worth is able" (Farmer); Theobald supplied the missing words thus—

"But that to your sufficiency you add
Due diligency as your worth is able."—I. G.

And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms 11
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love, 20
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honor,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Mr Halliwell thinks to *relieve* the passage of darkness by printing *task* instead of *that,*—a correction which he found written by some unknown hand in an old copy of the play belonging to Mr. Tunno. But if we understand *that* as referring to the commission, which the Duke holds in his hand, as he afterwards says,—"There is our commission,"—the passage, though still obscure, will appear complete as it stands. The meaning will then be,—"Since, then, your worth is ample, nothing is wanting to qualify you, to make you sufficient for the office, but this our commission, and let *them,* that is, the ability, which is in you, and the authority, which I confer upon you, work."—H. N. H.

Tyrwhitt's

> But that to your sufficiency you put
> A zeal as willing as your worth is able,

perhaps approaches Shakespeare's thought, though it certainly misses his expression.—C. H. H.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,

37. *"nor . . . never";* two negatives, not making an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings. So in *Julius Cæsar: "Nor* to *no* Roman else."—H. N. H.

42. *"advertise";* that is, one that can himself set forth what pertains to him is my substitute.—H. N. H.

43. *"Hold therefore, Angelo";* the Duke probably says these words on tendering commission to Angelo.—I. G.

45. That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing

Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure 50
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I 'll privily away. I love the people,

sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.—H. N. H.

55. *"unquestion'd"*; unexamined.—C. H. H.

68–71. This passage has been conjectured to offer "a courtly apology for King James I's stately and ungracious demeanor on his entry into England."—C. H. H.

But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I 'll wait upon your honor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

71. *"Aves"*; hailings.—H. N. H.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table. 10

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

Lucio. Aye, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never 20 wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in meter?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Aye, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of 30 shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art

30. *"There went but a pair of shears between us"; i. e.* "we are of one piece."—I. G.

good velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to— 50

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Aye, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee. 60

Enter Mistress Overdone.

59. *"sound"*; sounding (with a quibble).—C. H. H.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there 's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who 's that, I pray thee?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that 's Claudio, Signior Claudio. 70

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to 80 meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let 's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what 90 with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what 's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what 's his offense?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there 's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you? 100

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them. 110

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here 's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come, fear not you: good counselors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity

111. In one of the Scotch Laws of James it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is."—It is remarkable that the licensed *houses of resort* at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permision of the Committee of Chastity.—H. N. H.

taken on you: you that have worn your eyes 120
almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What 's to do here, Thomas tapster? let 's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, 130
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offense by weight
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,

127. *"provost"* was anciently used for *principal* or *president* of any establishment. Here it means jailer.—H. N. H.

134. *Cp. St. Paul to the Romans* ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy *on whom I will* have mercy," and again, "Therefore hath He mercy *on whom He will* have mercy, and *whom He will* He hardeneth."—I. G.

135. *"yet still 'tis just";* authority, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demigod,* whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of Heaven.*—H. N. H.

So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, 140
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offense, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is 't murder?

Claud. No. 150

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good. Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack 160
Of outward order: this we came not to,

142. *"and when we drink we die"*; so, in Chapman's *Revenge for Honour:*

"Like poison'd rats, which, when they've swallowed
The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink,*
And can rest then much less, until they burst."—H. N. H.

146. *"Morality"*; the Folios misprint *"mortality."*—I. G.

Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness, 170
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by the wall 179
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so

162. *"Propagation"*; Folio 1 reads *propogation,* corrected in Folio 2; *prorogation, procuration, preservation,* have been suggested by various editors, but the text as it stands is probably correct, though not altogether clear; *"propagation"*="increase"; perhaps the word implies "increase of interest," and *"for propogation"*="that she might continue to receive the interest, which was to be hers while she remained unmarried."—I. G.

183. *"for a name"*; nominally, for form's sake.—C. H. H.

tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if
she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after
the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter 190
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous
art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encour- 200
agement of the like, which else would stand
under grievous imposition, as for the enjoy-
ing of thy life, who I would be sorry should
be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.
I 'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbor, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travel'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

2. *"dribbling";* respecting the use of the term in archery, which Steevens thought could not be satisfactorily explained, Ascham says of one who, having learned to shoot well, neglects to practice with the bow,—"He shall become, of a fayre archer, a strake squyrter and *dribber.*"—In the next line, *"a complete bosom"* is a bosom completely armed.—H. N. H.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws, 19
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,

27. *"becomes"*; this word, not in the original, but required alike by the sense and by the verse, was suggested by Davenant, and inserted by Pope, and has since been universally received.—H. N. H.

And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

41. The words *"ambush"* and *"strike home"* show the image of a *fight* to have been in the Poet's mind. As the text stands, the speaker's purpose apparently is to avoid any open contest with crime, where his action would expose him to slander; not to let his person be seen in the fight, where he would have to work, *to do,* in the face of detraction and censure.—H. N. H.

43. *"To do in slander";* so the Folios; *"me"* and *"it"* have been suggested for *"in,"* but no change is necessary; *"do in"*="bring in, bring upon me."—I. G.

Scene IV.

A nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within*]. Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men 10
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, Virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what?
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. It is true. 30
I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embraced: 40
As those that feed grow full,—as blossoming time,

30. *"make me not your story"*; such is the reading of the original; the *me* being expletive, as in the well-known passage setting forth the virtues of sack: "It ascends *me* into the brain," &c. So that the meaning is,—"Make not your tale, invent not your fiction." Malone *improved* the passage thus: "Sir, mock me not,—your story"; which, surely, renders Lucio's reply, *'tis true,* very unapt.—H. N. H.

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,—even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence; 50
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,

51. *"bore . . . in hand";* "To bear in hand," says Richardson, "is merely to carry along with us, to lead along, as suitors, dependants, expectants, believers." The phrase is not uncommon in old writers. Thus, in *2 Henry IV,* Act. i. sc. 2: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! *to bear a gentleman in hand,* and then stand upon security!"—H. N. H.

62. That is, to put the restraint of fear upon licentious custom and abused freedom.—H. N. H.

Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith of business 70
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel, 81
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the Mother

83. As if they themselves owned the petitions, *i. e.* had the granting of them in their own hands.—C. H. H.

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I 'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. 90
[*Exeunt.*

89. *"my success"*; the issue of my suit.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Escal. Aye, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honor know,
Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections, 10
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood

6. *"fall"*; that is, throw down; *to fall* a tree is still used for *to fell* it.—H. N. H.

To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required,—"which now you censure him *for*." But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.—H. N. H.

Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offense
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend, 29
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honor.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;

28. *"for"*; that is, because.—H. N. H.

30. Let my death-sentence on him be applied to my own case.—C. H. H.

For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

39. *"Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none"*; the line as it stands in the Folios is obviously corrupt, and has occasioned much discussion. Shakespeare probably wrote *"brakes of vice"*; *brakes* = thickets, hence "entanglements"; *"brakes of vice"* is antithetical to *"a fault alone," cp. Henry VIII,* I. ii. 75—

"the rough brake
That virtue must go through."

The line therefore means "some escape from whole thickets of sin, and pay no penalty." Judging by the passage in *Henry VIII, through* for *from* would perhaps be an improvement.—I. G.

The original here reads,—"Some run from brakes of ice"; which Mr. Collier retains, silently changing *brakes* into *breaks.* It can hardly be denied that this reading yields very good sense; the image of course being that of men making good their escape, even when the ice is breaking under them. But *brakes* and *ice* do not quite cohere; and it seems as proper to change *ice* into *vice,* as *brakes* into *breaks;* and, as the former accords better with the rest of the passage, we venture to accept it. It was first made by Rowe. But there is a further question, whether *brake,* allowing that to be the right word, here means an engine of war or torture, or a snare, or a bramble; the word being used in all these senses. Which of these senses the word bears in the text, we must leave the reader to decide for himself.—H. N. H.

43. *"common houses"*; houses of ill-fame.—C. H. H.

Elb. If it please your honor, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honor two notorious 50 benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honor, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here 's a wise officer. 60

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow!

Pom. He cannot, sir; he 's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too. 70

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honor,—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Aye, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

47. *"the poor duke's constable"*; for "the duke's poor constable."—C. H. H.

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house. 80

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Aye, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so. 90

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honor's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honors have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very 100 good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and

97. *"distant"*; the Clown, catching the constable's trick of speech, here uses *distant* as an Elbowism for *instant*.—H. N. H.

longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Aye, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honor's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of four-score pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths.
He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 140
'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause; 149
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honor, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her? 160

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honor mark his face?

138. *"All-Hallownd Eve";* the Eve of All Saint's day.—H. N. H.
143. *"An open room";* Schmidt, "public room"; perhaps it means "open to sun, light, cheerful."—I. G.

Escal. Aye, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honor see any harm in his face? 170

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honor.

Escal. He 's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respect- 180 ed house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or 190 Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer.

172. *"supposed"*; deposed; I will take my oath.—C. H. H.

Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I 'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too. 200

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offenses in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, 210 thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband? 220

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in. 230

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What 's your name Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest 240 sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade? 250

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't, then. If your worship will take or-

239. The breeches were formerly worn very large about the hips, and perhaps Pompey went beyond the fashion.—H. N. H.

der for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds. 260

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 270

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. 280

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart 's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office,

you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together? 290

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some 300 six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit Elbow.*]

What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy. 310

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I 'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]
I 'll know
His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?
Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen, 10
When, after execution, Judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.
Prov. I crave your honor's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.
Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Aye, my good Lord; a very virtuous maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sitserhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honor!
Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You 're welcome:
What 's your will?
Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor hear me.
Ang. Well; what 's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice; 30
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

35. That is, let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.—H. N. H.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor. 41

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honor!

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so; to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. 50

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He 's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

40. That is, "to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law upon the *crime,* and let the *delinquent* escape."—H. N. H.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, 59
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Aye, touch him; there 's the vein. 70
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

79. *"Like man new made";* commentators are strongly tempted to refer the words to *"new made man," i. e.* Adam; Holt White paraphrased thus:—"And you, Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam, by breathing into his nostrils the breath of life." Malone explains:—"You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence,

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother: 80
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He 's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offense?
There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Aye, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept: 90
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,

immediately after his creation." Schmidt and others, "like man redeemed and regenerated by divine grace." The lines are perhaps capable of this interpretation:—And mercy will breathe within your lips, even as Mercy (*i. e.* God) breathed within the lips of a new made man.—I. G.

90. "Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam," is a well-known maxim in law (Holt White).—I. G.

95. This alludes to the deceptions of the fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a beryl, or crystal glass.—H. N. H.

96. *"either"*; (monosyllabic).—C. H. H.

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice; 100
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offense would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder 110
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

99–102. One of Judge Hale's Memorials is of the same tendency: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."—H. N. H.

As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He 's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word, 130
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140

122. The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical. By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, which always inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that,* they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.—H. N. H.

"spleens"; the spleen was regarded as the organ of mirth as well as ill-humor.—C. H. H.

136. *"skins";* covers with a skin.—C. H. H.

Shakespeare has used this indelicate metaphor again in *Hamlet:* "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."—H. N. H.

Isab. "Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life."

Measure for Measure. Act 2, Scene 2.

Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Aye, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your worship?

157. Isabella prays that his honor may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his mind is caught by the word *honor,* he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.—H. N. H.

159. *"Where prayers cross," i. e.* where his prayer to possess Isabella crosses with hers, "Heaven keep your *honor* safe!"—I. G.

The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation,"

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. 160
Isab. 'Save your honor!
[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*
Ang. From thee,—even from thy virtue!
What 's this, what 's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough, 170
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,

is here considered as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo was going: he was exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting.—H. N. H.

170. No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella but served the more to inflame. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings x. 27. —H. N. H.

And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

Scene III

A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth, 11
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offense
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I 'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So, then, it seems your most offenseful act
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent, 30

10. *"gentlewoman";* (trisyllabic).—C. H. H.

11. *"The flaws of her own youth";* possibly Warburton's correction *"flames"* should be adopted; *cp.*

"To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire" (*Hamlet,* III. iv. 84).—I. G.

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,

36. *"rest"*; that is, keep yourself in this frame of mind.—H. N. H.
40. *"O injurious love"* (Folios "loue"); Hanmer's suggestion, *"law"* for *"loue,"* has been generally accepted; the law respited her "a life whose very comfort" was "a dying horror."—I. G.

As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts

9. *"Feared"*; probably an error of *"feared," i. e. "seared,"* which, according to Collier, is the reading of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the 1st Folio.—I. G.

12. Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted and wise men allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendor; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.—H. N. H.

17. The crest was often emblematic of something in the wearer, such, for example, as his ancestral name. "The devil's horn" is "the devil's crest"; but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming"; we think it is not the devil's horn, because itself tells us otherwise.—H. N. H.

Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offense.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honor!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

27. That is, the *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So, in *Hamlet:* "The play pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the *general.*" It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage, and in one before, Act i. sc. 2, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I, which made him so impatient of the crowds which flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.—H. N. H.

27–30. Like the similar passage in i. 1. 68–71, these lines have been thought to offer an apology for James's haughty demeanor on his entry into England.—C. H. H.

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly. 51
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd!

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:— 60

43, 44. That is, that hath killed a man.—H. N. H.

44. *"remit"*; pardon.—C. H. H.

46–49. The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.—H. N. H.

56. Isabel appears to use the words "give my body" in a different sense than Angelo. Her meaning appears to be, "I had rather *die* than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person."—H. N. H.

58. That is, actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by Heaven as crimes.—H. N. H.

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit, 70
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder 80
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;

73. *"nothing of your answer"*; not to be answered for by you.—C. H. H.

79. The *"masks"* worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant. At the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet,* we have a pasage of similar import:

> "These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being *black,* put us in mind they hide the fair."
>
> —H. N. H.

To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offense is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that; nor any other,
But in the loss of question,— that you, his sister, 90
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death, 100
The impression of keen whips I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

90. That is, conversation that tends to nothing.—H. N. H.

"in the loss of question"; in the embarrassment of discussion; simply as a means of making my point clear.—C. H. H.

103. *"That longing have been sick for";* Rowe suggested, "I 've been sick for."—I. G.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever.
Ang. Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? 110
Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Aye, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

122–124. A very obscure passage. The original reads, *thy weakness,* which fairly defies explanation. The word *this* is adopted by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in a copy of the first folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. With this change, the passage, though still obscure, makes good sense enough: "If we are not *all frail,*—if my brother have no *feodary,* that is, no companion, one holding by the same tenure of frailty,—if he alone be found to *own and succeed* to this weakness,—then let him die."—H. N. H.

125. The comparison is proverbial: "Glasses and lasses are brittle ware" (Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*).—C. H. H.

Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well: 130
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one,—as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,—show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you. 141

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honor,
My words express my purpose.

127. The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.—H. N. H.

145–147. That is, your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness,* which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.—H. N. H.

Isab. Ha! little honor to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!— 150
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein: 160
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering suffrance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I 'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.* 170

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,

162. "*prolixious blushes*" means what Milton has elegantly called "sweet reluctant amorous *delay*."—H. N. H.

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I 'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I 'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit.*

172. *"O perilous mouths";* the line is defective as it stands (?) *"O pernicious mouths"* (Walker), or *"these perilous"* (Seymour).—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A room in the prison.

Enter Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I 've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, 10
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

8. *"keep"* here means *care for,* a common acceptation of the word in Chaucer and later writers.—H. N. H.

11. Death and his fool were personages that once figured on the stage. Douce relates having seen a play at a fair, in which Death bore a part, attended by a fool or clown; the person that represented Death being habited in a close black vest so painted as to look like a skeleton. Douce also had an old wood-cut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the fool was engaged in combat with his adversary, and buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. In all such perform-

For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;

ances, the rule appears to have been, that the fool, after struggling long against the stratagems of Death, at last became his victim.—H. N. H.

14–15. Upon this passage Johnson observes: "A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendor which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness,* by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament from among the damps and darkness of the mine."—H. N. H.

17. *"worm"* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent.* Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked.* In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.—H. N. H.

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

32–34. This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.—H. N. H.

36. *"palsied eld"; old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld;* must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and, being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged,* looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich,* when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.—H. N. H.

Claud. I humbly thank you. 41
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.
Isab. [*within*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!
Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's your sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you. 50
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*
Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?
Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed; 60
To-morrow you set on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Isab. Aye, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
Claud. But in what nature? 70
Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch

70. *"determined scope"*; a confinement of your mind to one idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.—H. N. H.

72. A metaphor, from stripping trees of their *bark*.—H. N. H.

77–81. This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line,—"The sense of death is most in apprehension"; without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is, that fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.—H. N. H.

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

83. *"From flowery tenderness"; i. e.* do you think that, to make me resolute, I must be treated with this tender consideration for my supposed weakness?—C. H. H.

91. In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.—H. N. H.

93. *"cast"*; cast up, vomited.—C. H. H.

94, 97. *"Prenzie"*; the source of this strange word has baffled students; it seems identical with the Scottish *primsie*, "demure, precise," which in its turn is connected with *prim* (in Old French *prin, pren*): under any circumstances there is no reason why the word should be changed, as has been proposed, to "princely," the readers of the 2nd Folio, or "priestly," "pensive," &c.—I. G.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence. 100
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'ld throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin; 110
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become 120

100. That is, "*from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety."—H. N. H.

108–110. "Has *he* passions that impel him to transgress the law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it." Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio.—H. N. H.

114. "*trick*"; caprice.—C. H. H.

A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling:—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment 130
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

121. This passage is a standing puzzle to commentators; "fiery floods" and "region of thick-ribbed ice" being, as one would think, among the last places to be *delighted* in. The most common explanation is, that *delighted spirit* means the spirit that has been delighted, or is accustomed to delight. Another, and perhaps a better explanation, is, that the passive form is here used in an active sense, *delighted* for *delighting* or *delightful,*—an usage quite frequent in Shakespeare; as in *Othello,* Act i. sc. 3: "If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack"; and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act iv. sc. 6: "Give our hearts *united* ceremony." But the best suggestion we have seen is, that the word is here used in the sense of *removed from* or *deprived of* the light, as if it were written *de-lighted;* which is a strictly classical use of the prepositive *de,* and certainly has the merit of harmony with the context. The use of the Latin prepositive *de, di, dis,* in combination with native words, is so common in Shakespeare and other writers of that time, that it is scarce worth the while to cite examples.—H. N. H.

123. *"thrilling";* piercingly cold.—C. H. H.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Catiline,* Act i. sc. 1: "We are spirit-bound in *ribs of ice,* our whole bloods are one stone, and honor cannot thaw us."—H. N. H.

Isab. "O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?"

Measure for Measure. Act 3, Scene 1.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think? 140
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 150
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.
Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
Isab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.
Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay

must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will 160
attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.*

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practice his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honor in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore 170
prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What 's your will, father? 180

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath

178. *"Hold you there";* continue in that resolution.—H. N. H.
185. That is, *à la bonne heure,* so be it, very well.—H. N. H.

made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The 190 assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceived in An- 200 gelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged 210 lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

187. *"the goodness that is cheap in beauty,"* etc.; "When goodness is not the soul of beauty, but its slighted and vendible accompaniment, beauty itself is fugitive."—C. H. H.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, 220 the sister of Frederick the great soldier who mis-carried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But 230 mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his 240 vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

242. *"bestowed her on her own lamentation"*; that is, gave her up to her sorrows.—H. N. H.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: 250 and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his 260 requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it 270 may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I

249. *"avail"*; derive advantage.—C. H. H.

262. *"refer yourself"*; have recourse to.—H. N. H.

274. *"scaled"*; that is, stripped of his covering or disguise, his affectation of virtue; *desquamatus*. A metaphor of a similar na-

frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosper- 280
ous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ture has before occurred in this play, taken from the barking, peeling, or stripping of trees.—H. N. H.

275. *"frame"*; prepare.—C. H. H.

286, 287. *"there . . . Mariana"*; the dreary and desolate solitude of Mariana at the moated grange is wrought out with great power by Mr. Tennyson, in a poem from which we have room for but one stanza:

"Her tears fell with the dews at even,
  Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
  Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
  When thickest dark did trance the sky,
  She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary—
  He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
  I would that I were dead!'"

The whole poem is a rare specimen in the art of creating imagery so fitted to a given tone of feeling as to reproduce the feeling itself.—A *grange* was a large farm-house, such as are often kept for summer residence by wealthy citizens. The grange was sometimes *moated* for defense and safety.—H. N. H.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you 290
well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II

The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that 10
craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Sc. ii. In F. there is no change of scene.—C. H. H.

8. *"the worser"; i. e.* money-lending.—C. H. H.

9. "The passage seems to us to imply, furred (that is, lined with lamb-skin fur inside, and trimmed with fox-skin fur outside) with both kinds of fur, to show that craft (fox-skin), being richer than innocency (lamb-skin), is used for decoration" (Clarke).—I. G.

13–15. *"Good father friar" . . . "good brother father";* the joke, as Tyrwhitt pointed out, would be clearer in French, *"mon père frère" . . . "mon frère père."*—I. G.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offense hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy. 20

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but 30 yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand. 40

19. *"picklock";* it is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker: the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone,* Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.—H. N. H.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!
Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.
Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's image's, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?
Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!
Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

43. *"From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!"* So Folio 1, Folio 2 and Folio 3, *"Free from our faults,"* &c.; Hanmer corrects the latter part of the line, *"As from faults seeming free."* As it stands in the text, it would seem to mean "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)." One feels inclined to hazard—

"Free from our faults, as from false seeming, free!"

(*Cp.* II. iv. 15, *"thy false seeming."*)—I. G.

44. His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.—H. N. H.

49. *"newly made woman"*; that is, have you no new courtesans to recommend to your customers?—H. N. H.

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd; an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, 70
Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my 80
bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increaase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

62. *"in the tub"*; the method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub.*—H. N. H.

79. *"keep the house"*; that is, stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband.*—H. N. H.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir? 90

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you? 100

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that 110 way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you? 120

91. *"Then nor now";* neither then nor now.—C. H. H.

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take 130 away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way. 140

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the 150 cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice. 160

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him. 170

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name? 180

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

167. *"unskillfully";* without understanding.—C. H. H.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived 190 in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he 200 would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality 210

205. *"mutton";* a wench was called a *laced mutton.* In *Doctor Faustus,* 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of stock-fish." See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act i. sc. 1.—H. N. H.

208. *"smelt"* for smelt *of.*—H. N. H.

Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honor is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make 220 mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honor.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me! 230

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable prep-

aration. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death. 240

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world? 250

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke? 260

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

258. *"make fellowships accurst";* the allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority; "He that hateth *suretyship is sure.*" Prov. xi. 15.—H. N. H.

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; 270 and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is 280 he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labored for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; 290 wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

269. *"events"*; issue of his affairs.—C. H. H.

281. *"resolved"*; that is, satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.—H. N. H.

286. *"but my brother justice,"* etc.; *summum jus, summa injuria.* —H. N. H.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying 300
Than by self-offenses weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,

295–317. These lines are in all probability not Shakespeare's, but by another hand.—I. G.

299. *"Grace to stand, and virtue go"; i. e.* "To have grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward."—I. G.

Coleridge, in his *Literary Remains,* remarks upon this passage,—"Worse metre indeed, but better English would be:

'Grace to stand, virtue to go.' "—H. N. H.

305. The Duke's *vice* may be explained by what he says himself. Act i. sc. 4: "'Twas *my fault* to give the people scope."—Angelo's vice requires no explanation.—H. N. H.

"my vice"; the duke speaks as a representative of men at large, not in his own person.—C. H. H.

308–311. *"How many likeness made in crimes,"* etc.; these lines do not readily admit of interpretation, and some corruption has probably crept into the text; Malone suggested *wade* for *made, i. e.* "How may hypocrisy wade in crimes"; Hanmer, "that likeness shading crimes," etc. None of the suggestions seem very satisfactory. Perhaps *to draw* ="*to-draw,*" *i. e.* "pull to pieces" (?)—I. G.

"Likeness" apparently has much the same meaning here as what the Poet elsewhere calls "virtuous-seeming." So that the passage

Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings 310
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

may be rendered thus: How may seeming virtue, unsubstantial as it is, and wickedly put on, by practicing upon the times draw to itself the greatest of earthly honors and emoluments, even while it is wading or rioting in crime!—H. N. H.

315. *"by the disguised"; i. e.* Mariana.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The moated grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice

This song appears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother,* with the addition of the following stanza, assuredly not Shakespeare's, though found in the spurious edition of his poems, (1640)—

"Hide, O hide those hills of snow
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
  Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound by those icy chains by thee."—I. G.

It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. Mr. Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Mr. Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it, Mr. Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author.—H. N. H.

Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
[*Exit Boy.*

Enter Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired
for me here to-day? much upon this time
have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day. 20

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate, 30
That makes his opening with this bigger key:

13. "Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment" (Johnson).—I. G.

This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon it:
With whisperings and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me 40
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; 51
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

44. *"most"*; utmost.—C. H. H.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Wilt 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*
Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes 60
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?
Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'
Mari. Fear me not. 70
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

12. *"gyves"*; that is, fetters.—H. N. H.

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd. 30

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favor,—for surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Aye, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine. 40

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 50

48. *"true";* that is, honest.—H. N. H.

49–53. *"If it be too little—thief";* the Folios give this to *Clo.*

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 60

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnadine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

(Pompey); Capell first transferred it to Abhorson, and he has been followed by most editors. Cowden Clarke defends the Folio arrangement; among other arguments he maintains that "the speech is much more in character with the clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."—I. G.

The Clown asks for proof that "hanging is a mystery"; and the hangman begins with a creeping, roundabout answer, when the Clown, being nimbler-witted, catches his method of proof, darts ahead of him in the argument, and proves, not indeed that hanging is a mystery, but that something else is.—H. N. H.

57. It was formerly the custom for an executioner, before proceeding to his office, to *ask forgiveness* of the person to be executed. —H. N. H.

67. *"The one"*; (pronounced *Thone*).—C. H. H.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine? 71

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly in the traveler's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort!
[*Exit Claudio.*
By and by.—
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung. 80

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There 's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd

85, 86. His own life conforms precisely to the lines of conduct he enforces as a judge.—C. H. H.

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; 90
But this being so, he 's just. [*Knocking within.*
Now are they come.
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled jailer is the friend of men.
[*Knocking within.*
How now! what noise? That spirit 's possessed with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, 100
You shall hear more ere morning.

86. *"stroke"* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.—H. N. H.

95. *"unsisting"*; so in the original. Sir William Blackstone suggests that *unsisting* may mean *"never at rest,* always opening." Mr. Collier proposes *resisting,* which might easily be misprinted *unsisting,* and seems to agree better with the subject; the Provost *wounding* the door *with strokes,* because it *resisted,* or stuck in the casement. Nevertheless, we adhere to the original.—H. N. H.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.
Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Mes. [*Giving a paper*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day. 110
Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*
Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offense his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended. 120
Now, sir, what news?
Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me

107. *"This . . . man"*; Ff. give this speech to the duke, and the following one, "And here . . . pardon," to the provost. The correction was made by Tyrwhitt.—C. H. H.

with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*]

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's 130 head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years 140 old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent? 150

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

140. *"prisoner nine years old"*; that is, nine years in prison.—H. N. H.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice. 160

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill be- 170 guiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are

159. *"desperately mortal";* perhaps we should read *mortally desperate;* as we have *harmonious charmingly* for *charmingly harmonious,* in *The Tempest.*—H. N. H.

"desperately mortal"; doomed to death without hope of salvation. Others interpret: "terribly near to death," "desperate in his incurring of death." But both the context and the duke's comment support the theological interpretation.—C. H. H.

171. That is, in *confidence* of my *sagacity.*—H. N. H.

to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what? 180

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo. 190

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favor.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life. 200

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no of-

194–196. *"shave . . . death";* this probably alludes to a practice among Roman Catholics of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.—H. N. H.

fense, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. 210 Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your 220 pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are 230 known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall

227. So Milton in *Comus:*

"The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold."—H. N. H.

absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here 10 one Master Caper, at the suit of Master

235. *"resolve";* convince.—C. H. H.

4. This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveler. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats: all the names are characteristic.—H. N. H.

5–7. *"he's in for . . . ready money";* it was the practice of money lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. In Green's *Defence of Coney-catching,* 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares; as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper.*"—H. N. H.

Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colored satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveler, and wild 20 Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You 30 must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

23. *"for the Lord's sake"*; it appears from an ancient Epigram, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,* like *Ludgate prisoners,* lo, I, begging, make my mone." And in Nashe's *Peirce Pennilesse,* 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting,* and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window."—H. N. H.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle. 40

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't. 50

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain. 60

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.
Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.
Duke. But hear you.
Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say 70
to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*
Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?
Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.
Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, 80
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his color. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?
Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die. 90
Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant. 100

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo. 110

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;

98. *"the under"*; Hanmer's reading for Ff. *yond.*—C. H. H.

109. *"well-balanced"*; the original has *"weal-balanc'd* form"; which may indeed possibly be right, referring to the state—*balanc'd* for the public *weal;* but this sense is so far-fetched and improbable, that we can scarce think it the Poet's.—H. N. H.

For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave! 120

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel! 131
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our covent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo; 140
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honor.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours 150
I 'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where 's the provost? 160

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine

152. *"to the head of Angelo"*; to his face.—C. H. H.

heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. 170

[*Exit Isabella.*

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvelous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke. 180

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

169. *"duke of dark corners";* the innuendo is explained by Lucio's next speech.—C. H. H.

172. *"he lives not in them";* that is, he depends not on them.—H. N. H.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. 190
Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave 10
redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed

6. *"redeliver"*; Folio 1, *"re-liuer"*; Folio 2, *"deliuer"*; Capell first suggested *"redeliver."*—I. G.

betimes i' the morn; I 'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him. 20

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;

28–31. This is commonly printed thus: "Yet reason dares her?—no: for my authority," &c.; in which case *dares* has the sense of *prompt, challenge,* or *call forth,* as in *1 Henry IV,* Act v. sc. 2:

"Unless a brother should a brother *dare*
To gentle exercise and proof of arms."

"Does reason move her to expose me?—No; the drawings of reason are all the other way"; which certainly yields an apt and clear meaning enough. Yet we give the passage as it stands in the original. Nor is the sense much less clear and apt as there printed. For *dare,* used transitively, may well have, and often has, the effect to keep or dissuade one from doing a thing; as if one should say,—"I *dared* him to strike me, and he *durst* not do it." So, in the text as we give it, the sense plainly is,—"Yet reason bids her *not* expose me"; the effect of that bidding being expressed by *no;* reason *threatens* and *overawes* her, so that she *dare not* do it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, *The Chances,* Act iii. sc. 4:

"His sister that you nam'd 'tis true I have long lov'd,
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
Or any of that family, are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no.*"

That is, to satisfy the world that *'tis not so.* So, also, in *A Wife for*

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch 30
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonor'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me:
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;

a Month, by the same authors: "I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him *no*"; that is, charged him *not to do it.* But indeed this use of *no* is not uncommon in the old writers.—The *of* after *bears,* in the next line, seems to have a partitive sense: "For my authority *carries so much of weight,*" &c.—H. N. H.

29. *"bears of a credent bulk";* so Folios 1, 2, 3; many emendations have been proposed; Dyce's seems the most plausible—"bears so credent bulk"; *"credent bulk"*="weight of credit."—I. G.

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.* 10

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Street near the city-gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—
Isab. O, peace the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, 10
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!
[*Exeunt.*

14. *"very near upon the duke is entering";* is on the point of entering.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The city-gate.

Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang.
Escal. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time

12. *"A forted residence 'gainst"*; a residence fortified against.—C. H. H.

And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favors that keep within. Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard 20
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed, 31
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her!—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

52. *"unlike"*; unlikely.—C. H. H.

56. *"characts"* are *distinctive marks* or characters. A statute of Edward VI directs the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms for the knowledge of the diocese."—H. N. H.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would
you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—
Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That 's he indeed;
Duke. You were not bid to speak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

64. *"Do not banish reason, For inequality"; i. e.* because of "improbability," "incongruity," or, according to some, "partiality."—I. G.

The meaning appears to be,—"Do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally.*"—H. N. H.

64–66. That is,—Let your reason serve to discover the truth, where it lies hid, and to refute the false, where it seems true.—H. N. H.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to 't.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—
Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter. 90
Duke. Mended again. The matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor, 100
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

90. That is, *suited* to the matter; as in *Hamlet:* "The phrase would be more german to the matter."—H. N. H.

For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue 109
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit 121
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.
Duke. Words against me! this 's a good friar belike! 131
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.
Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself; 150

128. *"had he been lay";* that is, of the *laity,* a layman.—H. N. H.

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused, 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[*Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married:
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou 190 wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she moe than me?

Mari. Not that I know. 200

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let 's see thy face.
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body 210
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief, 220
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Aye, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure. 240
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

245. *"That's seal'd in approbation?"; stamped* or *sealed,* as tried and *approved.*—H. N. H.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed, 250
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it throughly. [*Exit* 260
Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum:' honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow. 270

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attend-*

254. *"well-warranted"*; the word *warrant* was colloquially monosyllabic, as it is still in dialect.—C. H. H.

255. *"forth"*; that is, out, to the end.—H. N. H.

264. *"Cucullus non facit monachum"*; "the cowl does not make a monk." It occurs again in *Twelfth Night,* Act i. sc. 5.—H. N. H.

ant] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she 'll be ashamed. 280

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum. 290

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

282. *"light";* this is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice:* "Let me give *light,* but let me not be *light.*"—H. N. H.

Escal. The Duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly. 300
Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.
Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.
Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women 310
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We 'll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What 'unjust'!
Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, 321
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man baldpate: do you know me? 330

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? 340

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

325. "These shops," according to Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures.* It is not to be wondered, that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."—I. G.

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses! 350

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion!

Duke. [*To the Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! 360 Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a Duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging. 370

364. *"be hanged an hour"* seems to have been a cant phrase, meaning little more than "be hanged!"—I. G.

"What, Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile,"* is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair,* we have,—"Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile."* That is, be *hang'd,* be *curst; awhile* being, like *an hour* in the text, merely a vulgar expletive.—H. N. H.

Duke. ". . . Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out."

Measure for Measure. Act. 5, Scene 1.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down.
We 'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And no hold longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince, 380
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.
[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel. 391

380. *"passes"*; probably put for *trespasses;* or it may mean *courses,* from *passeés,* Fr. *Les passeés d'un cerf* is the track or passages of a stag, his *courses.*—H. N. H.

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Laboring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Then let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death, 403
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be within him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd 410
Your well-defended honor, you must pardon

392. *"advertising and holy"*; attentive and faithful.—H. N. H.
405. *"That brain'd my purpose"*; we still use in conversation a like phrase: "that knocked my design on the head."—H. N. H.

For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his prophet tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE. 420
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

414. *"promise-breach"*; it should be *promise; breach* is superfluous. —H. N. H.

420. *"measure* still *for measure"*; this appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. So, in *3 Henry VI,* Act ii. sc. 6: *"Measure for measure* must be answered." Perhaps the proverb grew from the Scripture,—"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—H. N. H.

And choke your good to come: for his possessions, 431
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal.
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labor.
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I 'll lend you all my life to do you service. 441

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I 'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband. 450
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

442. *"against all sense"*; that is, against *reason* and *affection.*—H. N. H.

443. That is, to beg for mercy on this act.—H. N. H.

448. On the principle that Nature or Providence often uses our vices to scourge down our pride; as in *All's Well that Ends Well,* Act iv. sc. 3: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not."—H. N. H.

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent; 460
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.
Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not; 472
Yet did repent me, after more advice:

460–462. That is, like the traveler, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more:

"Illum expirantem——
Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt."—H. N. H.

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd, 480
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life accordingly. Thou 'rt condemn'd: 491
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow 's that?

492. That is, so far as they are punishable on *earth*.—H. N. H.

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*Unmuffles Claudio.*

Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake, 500
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman; 510
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

501. *"Give me your hand"; i. e.* "if you give me your hand."—I. G.
505. *"quits you well";* brings you in a good return.—C. H. H.
506. *"her worth worth yours";* that is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."—H. N. H.

As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear, 521
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a Duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed. 530

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There 's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place. 540
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offense pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;

529. *"forfeits"*; Dr. Johnson says, *forfeits* means *punishments;* but is it not more likely to signify *misdoings, transgressions,* from the French *forfait?* Steevens's note affords instances of the word in this sense.—H. N. H.

Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Absolute, decided; "be abs.," *i. e.* "make up your mind"; III. i. 5; perfect; V. i. 54.

Abuse, delusion; V. i. 205.

Accommodations, comforts; III. i. 14.

Advertise, instruct; I. i. 42.

Advertising, instructing; V. i. 392.

Advice, consideration; V. i. 473.

Affection, feeling; II. iv. 168.

Affections, passions; III. i. 108.

After, at the rate of; II. i. 267.

All-building, being the ground and foundation of all; II. iv. 94 (other suggested emendations; all-binding; all-holding).

Appliances, remedies, means; III. i. 89.

Appointment, equipment; III. i. 60.

Approbation; "receive her ap.," *i. e.* enter upon her probation; I. ii. 191.

As, though indeed; II. iv. 89.

Avised, advised, aware; II. ii. 132.

Bark, peel away; III. i. 72.

Bastard (used equivocally), a kind of sweet wine; III. ii. 4.

Bay, an architectural term for a division of a building, marked by the single windows or other openings (? an error for "day"); II. i. 268.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iii. 171.

Belongings, endowments; I. i. 30.

Billets, small logs of wood; IV. iii. 62.

Bite by the nose, to treat with contempt; III. i. 109.

Blench, start away; IV. v. 5.

Boldness, confidence; IV. ii. 171.

Bonds, obligations; V. i. 8.

Boot, advantage, profit; II. iv. 11.

Bore in hand, kept in expectation; I. iv. 51–2.

Borne up, devised; IV. i. 48.

Bosom, heart's desire; IV. iii. 144.

Bottom, "to look into the b. of my place," *i. e.* "to know it thoroughly"; I. i. 79.

Bravery, finery; I. iii. 10.

Breeds, "my sense b. with it," *i. e.* "many new thoughts are awakened by it in me"; II. ii. 142.

Bunch of grapes, name of a room; it was the custom to name the several rooms in taverns; II. i. 141.

Censure, to pass judgment, or sentence, upon; I. iv. 72; II. i. 29.

Character, writing, outward mark; I. i. 28; handwriting; IV. ii. 216.

CHARACTS, characters; V. i. 56.
CHEAP, of small value; III. i. 187.
CIRCUMMURED, walled round; IV. i. 28.
CLACK-DISH, a wooden dish or box carried by beggars; III. ii. 145.
CLAP, to begin without delay; IV. iii. 46.
CLOSE, to make peace, come to an agreement; V. i. 349.
CLOSE, silent, secret; IV. iii. 128.
COLD, cool, deliberate; IV. iii. 109.
COMBINATE, betrothed; III. i. 236.
COMBINED, bound; IV. iii. 154.
COMES OFF WELL, is well told; II. i. 59.
COMMODITY, quantity of wares, parcel; IV. iii. 6.
COMPACT, leagued; V. i. 242.
COMPOSITION, compact; V. i. 220.
CONCERNING, "c. her observance," *i. e.* "which it concerns her to observe"; IV. i. 42.
CONCUPISCIBLE, concupiscent; V. i. 98.
CONFIXED, fixed; V. i. 232.
CONSERVE, preserve; III. i. 88.
CONSTANTLY, firmly; IV. i. 21.
CONSUMMATE, being consummated; V. i. 388.
CONTINUE, blunderingly misunderstood by Elbow to refer to some penalty or other; II. i. 210; to let live; IV. iii. 93.
CONTRARIOUS, contradictory; IV. i. 62.
CONVENIENT, fitting; IV. iii. 112.
CONVENTED, summoned; V. i. 158.
COUNTENANCE, hypocrisy; V. i. 118.
COVENT, convent; IV. iii. 138.
CREATION; "their cr.," *i. e.* "their (men's) nature"; II. iv. 127.
CREDENT BULK, weight of credit; IV. iv. 29.
CREDULOUS, readily yielding; II. iv. 130.
"CUCULLUS non facit monachum," *i. e.* "All hoods make not monks"; V. i. 264.
CUNNING, sagacity; IV. ii. 171.

DEFIANCE, rejection, refusal; III. i. 143.
DEFINITIVE, resolved; V. i. 436.
DELIGHTED, accustomed to ease and delight; III. i. 121.
DENUNCIATION, declaration; I. ii. 160.
DEPUTATION, deputyship; I. i. 21.
DESPERATELY; "d. mortal," *i. e.* "terribly near death"; others, "desperate in his incurring of death"; "destined to die without hope of salvation"; IV. ii. 159.
DETECTED, charged, accused; III. ii. 138.
DETERMINED, limited, bounded; III. i. 70.
DETERMINES, assigns; I. i. 39.
DETEST, Elbow's blunder for "protest"; II. i. 72.
DISCOVER, recognize; IV. ii. 192.
DISCOVER, expose; III. i. 202.
DISPENSES WITH, excuses; III. i. 135.
DISSOLUTION, death; III. ii. 252.
DISVALUED, depreciated; V. i. 221.
DISVOUCHED, contradicted; IV. iv. 1.
DOLORS, used quibblingly with play upon "dollar"; I. ii. 54.
DRAW, "as it refers to the tapster it signifies to drain, to empty"; as it is related to "hang" it means "to be con-

veyed to execution on a hurdle," in Froth's answer it is the same as "to bring along by some motive or power"; II. i. 226.

Drawn in, taken in, swindled; II. i. 231.

Dressings, habiliments; V. i. 56.

Dribbling, weak; I. iii. 2.

Effects, expressions; III. i. 24.

Emmew, to coop up, "to force to lie in cover without daring to show themselves"; III. i. 91.

Enshield, concealed, enclosed; II. iv. 80.

Ensky'd, placed in heaven; I. iv. 34.

Entertain, desire to keep; III. i. 75.

Escapes, sallies; IV. i. 63.

Estimation, reputation; IV. ii. 29.

Evasion, excuse; I. i. 51.

Evils, privies; II. ii. 172.

Fact, crime; IV. ii. 147.

False, illegal; II. iv. 49.

Falsely, dishonestly, illegally; II. iv. 47.

Fault; "fault and glimpse," *i. e.* the faulty glimpse; a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority; I. ii. 170.

Favor, used equivocally with a play upon "favor"="countenance"; IV. ii. 33; face; IV. ii. 192.

Fear, affright; II. i. 2.

Fear, "to give fear,"="to intimidate"; I. iv. 62.

Feodary (so Folios 2, 3, 4; Fol. 1 fedarie), originally one who holds an estate by suit or service to a superior lord, hence one who acts under the direction of another; here, "one of the human fraternity"; II. iv. 122.

Fewness and truth, briefly and truly; I. iv. 39.

File, multitude; III. ii. 144.

Fine, punish; II. ii. 40; III. i. 115.

Fine, punishment; II. ii. 40.

Flourish, adorn; IV. i. 75.

Flowery tenderness, *i. e.* a tender woman "whose action is no stronger than a flower" (*cp.* Sonnet lxv. 4); III. i. 83.

Foison, plenty; I. iv. 43.

Fond, foolish; II. ii. 187; V. i. 105; foolishly overprized; II. ii. 149.

Foppery, folly; I. ii. 146.

Forfeit, liable to penalty; III. ii. 220.

"For the Lord's sake," the supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by; IV. iii. 23.

Free, liberal; V. i. 397.

French crown, a bald head produced by a certain disease; used equivocally; I. ii. 56.

Garden-house, summer-house; V. i. 212.

General, populace; II. iv. 27.

Generation, race; IV. iii. 98.

Generative, (?) begot; "a motion g."; "a puppet born of a female being" (but probably Theobald's emendation is correct—"ungenerative"); III. ii. 126.

Generous and gravest, *i. e.* most generous and most grave; IV. vi. 13.

Ghostly, spiritual; IV. iii. 54.

Giglets, giglots, wantons; V. i. 355.

Glassy essence, "that essential nature of man which is like glass, from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction"; II. ii. 120.

Grace, good fortune, happiness; I. iv. 69.

Gradation, regular advance from step to step; IV. iii. 109.

Grange, a solitary farmhouse; III. i. 286.

Gratulate, gratifying; V. i. 538.

Gravel, flinty; IV. iii. 73.

Guard, "stands at a guard with," *i. e.* "is on his guard against"; I. iii. 51.

Guards, facings, trimmings; III. i. 97.

Hannibal, Elbow's error for "cannibal"; II. i. 193.

Happily, haply; IV. ii. 102.

Heavy, drowsy, sleepy; IV. i. 35.

Helmed, directed; III. ii. 162.

Hent, seized, taken possession of; IV. vi. 14.

Hide, suppress; V. i. 67.

His, its; IV. i. 31.

Home and home, to the quick; IV. iii. 153.

Hot-house, bathing-house; II. i. 69.

Ignomy (so Folio 1)=ignominy (which word suits the meter better); II. iv. 111.

Impartial, taking no part; V. i. 166.

Imports, carries with it; V. i. 108.

Importune, urge; I. i. 57.

Incertain, unsettled, vague; III. i. 127.

Informal, insane; V. i. 236.

In good time, so be it, very well; III. i. 185.

Iniquity, *vide* Justice.

Insensible of, indifferent to; IV. ii. 158.

Instance, intimation; IV. iii. 139.

Invention, imagination; II. iv. 3.

Inward, intimate friend; III. ii. 149.

Issues, purposes; I. i. 37.

Journal, diurnal; IV. iii. 97.

Justice or Iniquity; "that is the constable or the fool; Escalus calls the latter Iniquity in allusion to the old Vice, a familiar character in the ancient moralities and dumb shows"; II. i. 190.

Keeps, dwells; I. iii. 10.

Lapwing ("the bird diverts attention from its nest by flying to a distance and attracting the sportsman there by fluttering"); I. iv. 32.

Leaven'd, well fermented, ripened; I. i. 52.

Leiger, a *resident* ambassador at a foreign court; III. i. 59.

Like, likely to be believed; V. i. 104.

Limit, appointed time; III. i. 228.

Limited, appointed; IV. ii. 183.

Lists, bounds, limits; I. i. 6.

Loss of question, absence of any better argument; II. iv. 90.

Lower chair, an easy chair; II. i. 140.

Luxury, lust; V. i. 510.

Meal'd, sprinkled; IV. ii. 89.

Medlar, used wantonly for "woman"; IV. iii. 189.

Mere, particular; V. i. 152.

Meter (refers probably to the an-

cient metrical graces arranged to be said or sung); I. ii. 23.

Moe, more; "moe thousand deaths," *i. e.* "a thousand more deaths"; III. i. 40.

Mortality, death; I. i. 45.

Mother, abbess; I. iv. 86.

Motion, a thing endowed with movement; III. i. 120.

Mystery, trade; IV. ii. 32.

Nature, life; II. iv. 43.

No; "reason dares her no," *i. e.* "admonishes her not to do it"; IV. iv. 28.

Obstruction, stagnation of the blood; III. i. 119.

Office, service; V. i. 374.

Omit, pass by; IV. iii. 82.

Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 188.

Owe, possess, have; I. iv. 83; II. iv. 123.

Pace, to make to go (lit. to teach a horse to move according to the will of the rider); IV. iii. 142.

Pain, penalty; II. iv. 86.

Pain'd, put to trouble; V. i. 396.

Parcel-bawd, part bawd; II. i. 66.

Part; "my p. in him," *i. e.* "my office delegated to him"; I. i. 42.

Partial; "nothing come in p.," *i. e.* "no partiality be allowed"; II. i. 31.

Particular, private; IV. iv. 30.

Passes, proceedings; V. i. 380.

Passing on, *i. e.* passing sentence on; II. i. 19.

Peaches, impeaches; IV. iii. 13.

Pelting, paltry; II. ii. 112.

Perdurably, everlastingly; III. i. 115.

Philip and Jacob, *i. e.* the fast of St. P. and St. J. (May 1st); III. ii. 228.

Piled, "a quibble between *piled,* peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet; three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest"; I. ii. 37.

Planched, planked; IV. i. 30.

Pluck on, draw on; II. iv. 147.

Possess'd, informed; IV. i. 44.

Practice, plot; V. i. 107, 123.

Precept, instruction; "in action all of p."="with actions intended to instruct me" (*i. e.* showing the several turnings of the way with his hand); IV. i. 40.

Prefers itself, places itself before everything else; I. i. 55.

Pregnant, expert; I. i. 12; evident; II. i. 23.

Prenzie, prim; III. i. 94, 97.

Present; "p. shrift," *i. e.* "immediate absolution"; IV. ii. 233.

Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 87.

Preserved, kept pure; II. ii. 153.

Prints, impressions; II. iv. 130.

Probation, proof; V. i. 157.

Profanation, Elbow's blunder for "profession"; II. i. 56.

Profession, business; IV. iii. 2.

Profiting, taking advantage; II. iv. 128.

Prolixious, tiresome and hindering; II. iv. 162.

Prone and speechless, probably to be considered as equivalent to "speechlessly prone," *i. e.* speaking fervently and eagerly without words, (or perhaps "prone"= deferential); I. ii. 196.

Proper, own; III. i. 30; personally, peculiarly; I. i. 31.

PROPER TO, belonging to; V. i. 110.
PROPORTION, measure; I. ii. 24.
PROPORTIONS, portion, fortune; V. i. 219.
PROVINCIAL; "here p."="under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province"; V. i. 320.
PROVOKEST, invokest; III. i. 18.
PUT, compelled; I. i. 5.
PUTTING-ON, incitement; IV. ii. 124.

QUALIFY, check; IV. ii. 89.
QUESTION, consideration; I. i. 47.
QUESTS, spyings; IV. i. 62.
QUIT, acquit, forgive; V. i. 492.

RACE, natural disposition; II. iv. 160.
RACK, distort; IV. i. 65.
RAVIN DOWN, ravenously devour; I. ii. 141.
REBATE, make dull; I. iv. 60.
RECEIVED, understood; II. iv. 82.
REFELL'D, refuted; V. i. 94.
REMISSION; "apt r."=a ready pardon, readiness to forgive; V. i. 507.
REMONSTRANCE, demonstration; V. i. 400.
REMORSE, pity; II. ii. 54; V. i. 100.
REMOVE, absence; I. i. 44.
RENOUNCEMENT, renunciation of the world; I. iv. 35.
RESOLVE, inform; III. i. 197.
RESPECTED, misapplied by Elbow and Pompey (=suspected); II. i. 180, 183.
RESTRAINED, forbidden; II. iv. 48.
RETORT, "to refer back (to Angelo the cause in which you appealed from Angelo to the Duke)"; V. i. 305.
SALT, lustful; V. i. 410.
SATISFY YOUR RESOLUTION, sustain your courage; III. i. 172.
SAUCY, wanton; II. iv. 45.
SCALED, weighed; (or perhaps "stripped" as of scales, unmasked; "foiled" has been suggested as an emendation); III. i. 274.
SCOPE, power; I. i. 65; license; I. ii. 139; I. iii. 35.
SCRUPLE, very small quantity; I. i. 38; doubtful perplexity; I. i. 65.
SECONDARY, subordinate; I. i. 47.
SECTS, classes, ranks; II. ii. 5.
SEE = Rome; III. ii. 248.
SEEMING, hypocrisy; II. iv. 150.
SELDOM WHEN, *i. e.* 'tis seldom that; IV. ii. 92.
SERPIGO, a dry eruption on the skin; III. i. 31.
SEVERAL, different; II. iv. 2.
SHEARS; "there went but a pair of shears between us," *i. e.* "we are both of the same piece"; I. ii. 30.
SHEEP-BITING, thievish; V. i. 363.
SHIELD, forefend; "Heaven s. my mother play'd my father fair," *i. e.* "God grant that thou wert not my father's true son"; III. i. 141.
SHREWD, evil, mischievous; II. i. 276.
SICLES (the Folios "sickles"), shekels; II. ii. 149.
SIEGE, seat; IV. ii. 104.
SITH, since; I. iii. 35.
SMACK, have a taste, savor; II. ii. 5.
SNATCHES, repartees; IV. ii. 6.
SORT AND SUIT, rank and service (*i. e.* suit-service, due to a superior lord); IV. iv. 19.

Soul, "with special s.," *i. e.* with special liking; I. i. 18.
Spare, forbear to offend; II. iii. 33.
Splay, (so first Folio; Steevens "spay"), to castrate; II. i. 255.
Stage, to make a show of; I. i. 69.
Stagger, waver, hesitate; I. ii. 177.
Starkly, stiffly, as if dead; IV. ii. 74.
Stays upon, waits for; IV. i. 47.
Stead, be of service to; I. iv. 17.
Stead up, to supply; III. i. 268.
Stew, cauldron; V. i. 323.
Story, subject of mirth; I. iv. 30.
Straitness, strictness; III. ii. 289.
Stricture, strictness; I. iii. 12.
Succeed, inherit; II. iv. 123.
Sufferance, suffering; III. i. 80.
Sweat; the plague was popularly known as "the sweating sickness"; I. ii. 84.
Sweetness, self-indulgence; II. iv. 45.
Swinged, whipped; V. i. 130.

Tax, accuse; II. iv. 79.
Temporary meddler, one who meddles with temporal matters; V. i. 145.
Terms; "the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley* was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone); I. i. 11.
Tickle, unstable; I. ii. 185.
Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (used equivocally); I. ii. 204.
Tilth, tillage; I. iv. 44.
Tithe (probably an error for "tilth"); IV. i. 76.
Touches, vices; III. ii. 25.
Touse, pull, tear; V. i. 315.
Trade, custom, established habit; III. i. 149.
Transport, remove from one world to another; IV. iii. 77.
Trick, fashion; V. i. 514.
Trot, a contemptuous name, applied properly to an old woman; III. ii. 54.
Trumpets, trumpeters; IV. v. 9.
Tub, the sweating-tub, used as a cure for certain diseases; III. ii. 62.
Tun-dish, funnel; III. ii. 194.

Unfolding, releasing from the fold or pen; IV. ii. 227.
Ungenitured, (?) impotent (perhaps "unbegotten"); III. ii. 196.
Ungot, not begotten; V. i. 142.
Unpitied, unmerciful; IV. ii. 14.
Unpregnant, unready, inapt; IV. iv. 23.
Unshunned, inevitable; III. ii. 62.
Unsisting, probably a misprint (in Folios 1, 2, 3) for "insisting" (the reading of Fol. 4), *i. e.* "persistent"; IV. ii. 95.
Untrussing, "untying the points or tagged laces which attached the hose or breeches to the doublet"; III. ii. 203.
Unweighing, injudicious; III. ii. 158.
Use, practices long countenanced by custom; I. iv. 62.
Use, interest, probably with a secondary sense of "exertion"; I. i. 41.

VAIL YOUR REGARD, lower your look; V. i. 20.
VAIN, "for v."=in vain, to no purpose; II. iv. 12.
VANTAGE, "denies thee v.," *i. e.* "will avail thee nothing"; V. i. 422.
VASTIDITY, vastness; III. i. 69.
VEIL FULL PURPOSE, to cover his full p.; IV. vi. 4.
VIEWLESS, invisible; III. i. 124.
VIRTUOUS, beneficial; II. ii. 168.
VOICE, "in my v."="in my name"; I. ii. 193.
VOUCH, affirmation; II. iv. 156.
VULGARLY, publicly; V. i. 160.

WARP, deviate; I. i. 15.
WARPED, crooked, wry, unnatural; III. i. 142.
WEAR, fashion; III. ii. 83.
WEEDS, "weed is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse" (Collier); emendations proposed: "steeds," "wills"; I. iii. 20.
WHO=which; I. ii. 203.
WIDOW, to give as jointure; V. i. 433.
WILDERNESS, wildness; III. i. 142.
WOODMAN, one who hunts female game; IV. iii. 175.
WRONG, "done myself w.," *i. e.* "put myself in the wrong"; I. ii. 45.

YARE, ready; IV. ii. 64.
YIELD, "y. you forth to public thanks," *i. e.* "yield public thanks to you"; V. i. 7.

ZODIACS, circuits of the sun, years; I. ii. 180.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What æsthetic and metrical tests assist in fixing the date of the play's composition?

2. Cite the links between this play and *Hamlet*. What is the difference in the problems with which the two plays deal?

3. What other characters in the plays does Isabella resemble, and in what respects?

4. What are the sources of the plot?

5. In what ways has Shakespeare's version developed and transcended the originals?

6. What are the peculiarly marked features in the manner, cast of thought, and ethics of the play?

7. What religious faction in the time of James I may have led Shakespeare to the composition of this play? Why? Trace the analogy between its sentiments and the theme of the play.

8. Comment upon the selection of the theme for a work of art. What elements of the Poet's handling of it make its selection justifiable?

9. What is the inference to be drawn concerning the underlying motives of the Duke in carrying out his incognito?

10. What constitutes the *ethos* of the theme?

11. What circumstances make Angelo's severity towards Claudio peculiarly hypocritical in their austerity, even before the cause of Isabella is introduced?

12. Explain what it is in the handling of values in the piece, that make its effect harsh?

ACT I

13. What does the Duke announce he is about to do?

14. What does he really do instead?

15. By what sort of description is Angelo introduced?

16. To what condition of the city are we introduced? What may we suppose to have caused the state it is in? What characters give us clues to this condition?

17. What circumstances in the situation between Claudio and his betrothed make it unjust to visit upon him the extremity of the new rigor?

18. In what does Claudio place his only hope of reprieve?

ACT II

19. What characterizes the bearing of Isabella before Angelo?

20. Do any lines of Angelo's imply that his own pride in his austerity caused a self deception in him, more than hypocrisy, at first?

21. What are his reflections immediately before the second coming of Isabella? What do they show of his state of mind?

22. How does Isabella receive his advances?

23. Of what is she confident with regard to her brother's view of the case?

24. What aspects of the situation does the Duke learn from Juliet, when he is in the prison disguised as a Friar?

ACT III

25. What is striking and beautiful in the Duke's discourse to Claudio in the prison when he affects to persuade him to be ready for death?

26. Does the Duke's desire to overhear the conversation between Isabella and Claudio emphasize his suspicion of Angelo?

27. Describe the scene between Isabella and Claudio. How does it express the spirit of each? What temporary

emotion may explain Claudio's wavering? What is the character of his reasoning while in this state of mind?

28. What does the Duke tell Claudio is the state of the case? Why does he tell him this?

29. What has the Duke known of Angelo's past that he believes he can bring usefully into the situation at this juncture?

30. Is it possible that his knowledge of this fact has influenced him to penetrate Angelo's outward sainthood?

31. What picture of Mariana and her sorrows is drawn?

32. How does Lucio express himself concerning the Duke?

33. What is the purpose of bringing the group of low characters into contrast with the Duke?

34. What does Escalus say of his efforts with Angelo?

35. What are the Duke's reflections closing the Act?

ACT IV

36. What effect is gained by the introduction of Barnardine?

37. What news arrives from Angelo when the Provost expects Claudio's pardon?

38. In the talk concerning Barnardine what is revealed concerning the methods of the Duke's government?

39. What does the Duke tell the Provost to do to elude the mandates he has received from Angelo?

40. What is contributed to the setting by the introduction of Pompey's account of the fellow-prisoners he encounters?

41. What commission does the Duke give Isabella after telling her that Claudio has been killed?

42. Does Lucio betray any redeeming emotions?

43. What messages do Angelo and Escalus receive that puzzle them, with regard to the Duke's purposes?

44. What truth does Angelo's final reflection in scene iv emphasize, with regard to the development of a course of crime?

45. What undertaking does the Duke commit to Friar Peter? How are he, Isabella, and Marianna prepared to carry the disclosures of the Duke to their fulfillment?

ACT V

46. Does the Duke's first greeting to Angelo and Escalus convey to them any idea of his intents?

47. How do Isabella, Friar Peter, and Marianna present the case they have in hand, to the Duke? What is the effect of their several presentations, superficially, upon Angelo and the bystanders at first?

48. How does the Duke pretend to receive it? What does he command concerning Isabella?

49. Upon whom does Angelo try to turn the suspicion of the Duke?

50. How does the Duke bring matters to their conclusion when he enters disguised as the Friar again?

51. How does Lucio get caught in his own trap?

52. What draws his confession from Angelo?

53. How is the pardon of Angelo obtained? What is the moralization to be inferred from Isabella's words regarding his sin?

54. What appropriate justice is meted to Lucio?

55. Comment on the conclusion as it relates to Isabella.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth was printed for the first time in the First Folio. There was no Quarto edition of the play.

The text of the play is singularly free from corruptions; the Acts and Scenes are indicated throughout;[1] the stage-directions are full and explicit.[2] Rowe first supplied, imperfectly, the *Dramatis Personæ.*

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Henry the Eighth was undoubtedly acted as "*a new play*" on June 29, 1613, and resulted in the destruction by fire of the Globe Theater on that day. The evidence on this point seems absolutely conclusive:—

(i) Thomas Lorkin, in a letter dated "this last of June" 1613, referring to the catastrophe of the previous day, says: "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII*, and their shooting of certayne chambers in the way of triumph, the fire catch'd," etc.

[1] Except in the case of Act V. scene iii., where no change of scene is marked in the folio. "*Exeunt*" is not added at the end of the previous scene, but it is quite clear that the audience was to imagine a change of scene from the outside to the inside of the Council-chamber. The stage-direction runs:—"A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the state," etc.

[2] The lengthy stage-direction at the beginning of Act V. Sc. v. was taken straight from Holinshed; similarly, the order of the Coronation in Act IV. sc. i.

(ii) Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on July 2, 1613, tells how the Globe was burnt down during the performance "of a new play, called *All is True*,[1] representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry the 8th*. . . . . Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry,[2] some of the paper, and other stuff, where-

[1] *Cp.* Prologue to *Henry VIII*, ll. 9, 18, 21:—

"May here find truth."

. . . . . .

"To rank our chosen truth with such a show."

. . . . . .

"To make that only true we now intend."

The second name of the play may very well have been a counter-blast to the title of Rowley's *Chronicle History of Henry 8th, "When you see me you know me,"* and perhaps also of Heywood's plays on Queen Elizabeth, *"If you know not me, you know no body."* It is possible that both Prologue and Epilogue of *Henry VIII* refer to Rowley's play, "the merry bawdy play," with its "fool and fight," and its "abuse of the city."

"When you see Me" was certainly "the Enterlude of K. Henry VIII" entered in the Stationers' Books under the date of February 12, 1604 (–5), which has sometimes been identified with Shakespeare's play.

It is noteworthy that the play, first published in 1605, was re-issued in 1613. The same is true of the First Part of Heywood's play. This play of Heywood's called forth the well-known prologue, wherein the author protested

"That some by stenography drew
The plot: put it in print: scarce one word trew."

Similarly, *the Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell,* originally printed in 1602, was re-issued in 1613 with the mendacious or equivocal statement on the title-page, *"written by W. S."*

We know from Henslowe's *Diary* that there were at least two plays on Wolsey which held the stage in 1601, 1602, *The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey,* by Munday, Drayton & Chettle, and *Cardinal Wolsey,* by Chettle.

An edition of Rowley's play, by Karl Elze, with Introduction and Notes, was published in 1874 (Williams & Norgate).

[2] *Vide* Act I. sc. iv. 44–51, with stage direction:—*"Chambers discharged."*

with one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch," etc.

(iii) John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood (*vide* Winwood's *Memorials*), dated July 12, 1613, alludes to the burning of the theater, "which fell out by a peale of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play)."

(iv) Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle* (1615) says that the fire took place when the house was "filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the 8."

(v) Ben Jonson, in his *Execration vpon Vulcan*, refers to "that cruel strategem against the Globe" . . . . .

> "The fort of the whole parish,
> I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
> And razed; ere thought could urge this might have been!" [1]

Internal evidence seems to corroborate this external evidence, and to point to *circa* 1612 as the date of *Henry VIII*. The panegyric on James I, with its probable reference (V, v, 51–3) to the first settlements of Virginia in 1607, and to subsequent settlements contemplated in 1612 [2] (or to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elec-

[1] There were also several "lamentable ballads" on the event; one of them, *if genuine,* is of special interest, as it has for the burden at the end of each stanza:—

> "O sorrow, pitiful sorrow!
> And yet it all is true!"

The fifth stanza is significant:—

> Away ran Lady Catherine,
> Nor waited out her trial.

(*Vide* Collier, *Annals of the Stage.*) The authenticity of the ballad is most doubtful.

Halliwell doubted the identity of *All is True* and Shakespeare's play, because he found a reference in a ballad to the fact that *"the reprobates . . . prayed for the Foole and Henrye Condye,"* and there is no fool in the play, but the ballad does not imply that there was a fool's part.

[2] A state lottery was set up expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia in 1612.

tor Palatine which took place on February 14, 1613), fixes the late date for the play in its present form.

Some scholars have, however, held that it was originally composed either (i) towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or (ii) at the beginning of the reign of her successor. Elze attempted, without success, to maintain the former supposition by eliminating (as later additions) not only the references to King James, but also the scene between Katharine and the Cardinals, and most of Katharine's death scene, so as to make the play a sort of apology for Henry, a glorification of Anne Boleyn, and an apotheosis of Elizabeth.[1] Hunter held the latter view, discovering *inter alia* that the last scene was "to exhibit the respect which rested on the memory of Elizabeth, and the hopeful anticipations which were entertained on the accession of King James." [2]

At all events no critic has attempted to regard the great trial-scene as a later interpolation, and this scene may therefore be taken to be an integral part of Shakespeare's work; it is a companion picture to the trial in *The Winter's Tale;* Hermione and Katharine are twin-sisters, "queens of earthly queens"; and indeed the general characteristics, metrical and otherwise, of this and other typically Shakespearean scenes, give a well-grounded impression that the two plays belong to the same late period, and that we probably have in *Henry VIII* "the last heir" of the poet's invention. "The opening of the play," wrote James Spedding, recording the effect produced by a careful reading of the whole, "seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner: the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same im-

[1] *Vide Essays on Shakespeare by Professor Karl Elze* (translated by L. Dora Schmitz); *cp.* German Shakespeare, *Jahrbuch,* 1874. Collier held a similar theory, which numbers many advocates among the old Shakespearians—*e. g.* Theobald, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, etc.

[2] *New Illustrations to Shakespeare,* II. 101.

patient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless meter which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and common-place; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated." [1] But the magical touch is not found throughout the play.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLAY

As early as 1758, in Edward's *Canons of Criticism* (sixth edition), Roderick called attention to the following peculiarities in the versification of Henry VIII:—(i) the frequent occurrence of a redundant syllable at the end of line; (ii) the remarkable character of the cæsuræ, or pauses of the verse; (iii) the clashing of the emphasis with the cadence of the meter. The subject received no serious attention for well-nigh a century, until in 1850 Mr. Spedding published his striking study of the play, wherein he elaborated a suggestion casually thrown out "by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point" (viz., the late Lord Tennyson), that many passages in *Henry VIII* were very much in the manner of *Fletcher.* Basing his conclusions on considerations of dramatic construction, diction, meter, and subtle æsthetic criteria, he assigned to Shakespeare Act I, sc. i, ii; Act II, sc. iii, iv; Act III, sc. ii (to exit of the King); Act V, sc. i, and all the rest of the play to Fletcher (though, possibly, even a third hand can be detected).[2]

Shakespeare's original design was probably "a great

[1] *"Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII?"* (*Gentleman's Magazine,* 1850); "New Shakespeare Society's Papers," 1874.

[2] *N. B.*—Wolsey's famous soliloquy falls to Fletcher's share.

As regards the Prologue and Epilogue, they seem Fletcherian; the former may well be compared with the lines prefixed to *The Mad*

historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII, which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church." He had carried out his idea as far as Act III, when his fellows at the Globe required a new play for some special occasion (perhaps the marriage of Princess Elizabeth) the MS. was handed over to Fletcher, who elaborated a five-act play, suitable to the occasion, "by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence"; a splendid "historical masque or show-play" was the result.[1]

Spedding's views on *Henry VIII* are now generally accepted;[2] they were immediately confirmed by Mr. S. Hickson, who had been investigating the matter independently (*Notes and Queries*, II, p, 198; III, p. 33), and later on by Mr. Fleay and others, who subjected the various portions of the play to the metrical tests.[3]

Lover; they are, however, so contradictory, that one would fain assign them to different hands.

[1] The panegyric at the end is quite in the Masque-style; so, too, the Vision in Act IV. scene ii.; compare *Pericles,* V. ii.; *Cymbeline,* V. iv., both similarly un-Shakespearean. The Masque in *The Tempest* is also of somewhat doubtful authorship. Mr. Fleay suggested as an explanation of the dual authorship that that part of Shakespeare's play was burned at the Globe, and that Fletcher was employed to rewrite this part; that in doing so he used such material as he recollected from his hearing of Shakespeare's play. Hence the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere (*vide Shakespeare Manual,* p. 171).

[2] Singer, Knight, Ward, Ulrici, do not accept the theory of a divided authorship. In the *Transactions of the New Shak. Soc.* for 1880–5, there is a paper by Mr. Robert Boyle, putting forth the theory that the play was written by Fletcher and Massinger, and that the original Shakespearean play perished altogether in the Globe fire.

[3] These tests seem decisive against Shakespeare's sole authorship. Dr. Abbot (*Shakespearian Grammar,* p. 331) states emphatically:—"The fact that in *Henry VIII,* and in no other play of Shakespeare's, constant exceptions *are formed to this rule* (that an extra syllable at the end of a line is rarely a monosyllable) seems to me a sufficient proof that Shakespeare did not write that play."

THE SOURCES

There were four main sources used for the historical facts of the play:—(i) Hall's *Union of the Families of Lancaster and York* (1st ed. 1548); (ii) Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1st ed. 1577; 2nd ed. 1586); (iii) *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey,* by George Cavendish, his gentleman-usher (first printed in 1641; MSS. of the work were common); (iv) Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of the Church* (1st ed. 1563). The last-named book afforded the materials for the Fifth Act.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAY

Though the play keeps in many places the very diction of the authorities, yet its chronology is altogether capricious, as will be seen from the following table of historic dates, arranged in the order of the play:—[1]

1520. June. Field of the Cloth of Gold.
1522. March. War declared with France.
May–July. Visit of the Emperor to the English Court.
1521. April 16. Buckingham brought to the Tower.
1527. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen.
1521. May. Arraignment of Buckingham.
May 17. His execution.

The following table will show at a glance the metrical characteristics of the parts:—

	SHAKESPEARE.	FLETCHER.	
double endings	1 to 3	1 to 1.7	proportion.
unstopped lines	1 to 2.03	1 to 3.79	
light endings	45	7	number.
weak endings	37	1	
rhymes	6 (*accidental*)	10	

[1] *Vide* P. A. Daniel's Time Analysis, *Trans. of New Shak. Soc.,* 1877–79; *cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays;* Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*

1527. August. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce.
1528. October. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London.
1532. September. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke.
1529. May. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce.
1529. 1533. } Cranmer abroad working for the divorce.
1529. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome.
1533. January. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen.
1529. October. Wolsey deprived of the great seal. Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor.
1533. March 30. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.
May 23. Nullity of the marriage with Katherine declared.
1530. November 29. Death of Cardinal Wolsey.
1533. June 1. Coronation of Anne.
1536. January 8. Death of Queen Katherine.
1533. September 7. Birth of Elizabeth.
1544. Cranmer called before the Council.
1533. September. Christening of Elizabeth.

DURATION OF ACTION

From the above it is clear that the historical events of the play cover a period of twenty-four years; the time of the play, however, is seven days, represented on the stage, with intervals:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i–iv. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act II, sc. i–iii.
Day 3. Act II, sc. iv.
Day 4. Act III, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 5. Act III, sc. ii. *Interval.*
Day 6. Act IV, sc. i, ii. *Interval.*
Day 7. Act V, sc. i–iv.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth was first published in the folio of 1623, with a text unusually correct for the time, with the acts and scenes regularly marked throughout, and with the stage-directions more full and particular than in any of the previous dramas. That it should have been printed so accurately is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the construction of the sentences is often greatly involved, the meaning in many places very obscure, and the versification irregular to the last degree of dramatic freedom throughout.

The date of the composition has been more variously argued and concluded than can well be accounted for, considering the clearness and coherence of the premises. The Globe Theater was burned down June 29, 1613. Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*, recording this event some time after it took place, speaks of "the house being filled with people to behold the play of Henry the Eighth." And in the Harleian Manuscripts is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June," and containing the following: "No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII*, and there shooting of certain chambers in triumph, the fire catched, and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously, as it consumed the whole house, and in less than two hours, the people having enough to do to save themselves." But the most particular account of the event is in a letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew, and dated July 6, 1613:

"Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had *a new play*, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

From all which it would seem that the play originally had a double title, one referring to the plan, the other to the material, of the composition. At all events, Sir Henry's description clearly identifies the play to have been the one now in hand; and it will hardly be questioned that he knew what he was about when he called it *a new play*. And the title whereby he distinguishes it is in some sort bespoken in the Prologue; while, in the kind of interest sought to be awakened, the whole play is strictly corresponding therewith; the Poet being here more than in any other case studious of truth in the historical sense, and adhering, not always indeed to the actual order of events, but with singular closeness throughout to their actual import and form. In short, a kind of historical conscience, a scrupulous fidelity to fact, is manifestly the

regulating and informing *thought* of the piece; as if the Poet had here undertaken to set forth a drama made up emphatically of "chosen truth," insomuch that it should in all fairness deserve the significant title, *All is True.*

This of course infers the play to have been written as late as 1612, and perhaps not before the beginning of 1613. And herewith agrees that part of Cranmer's prophecy in the last scene, declaring that

> "Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
> His honour and the greatness of his name
> Shall be, and make new nations";

which can scarce be understood otherwise than as referring to the *new nation* founded by King James in America, the first charter of Virginia being issued in 1606, the colony planted and *James*-Town settled in 1607, and a second charter granted, and a lottery opened in aid of the colonists, in 1612. It will not be out of place to adduce here the well-known passage from the *Diary* of the Rev. J. Ward, who became vicar of the church at Stratford in 1662, forty-six years after the Poet's death. "I have heard," says he, "that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year." That this statement is in all points strictly true, is not pretended; nor does the writer give any part of it as a fact, but merely as what "I have heard": as to that about the "two plays every year," the most that can be said is, that it probably had some basis of truth; which basis may have been merely that Shakespeare continued to write for the stage after he retired to Stratford. And that the reverend author took no small interest in the person he was writing about, may be safely presumed from the rule he lays down for himself just after: "Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter." The precise date of Shakespeare's retirement from the stage has not been ascer-

tained: most probably it was some time in the course of 1610 or the following year; and there are none of his plays which, whether by internal or external marks, appear more likely to have been written after that time, than *King Henry VIII.* In style and diction it has much the same peculiarities, only in a still higher degree, as *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline*, which there is every reason to believe were written during or near the period in question.

Notwithstanding all this evidence, the notion more commonly held is, that the play was written before the death of Elizabeth, which took place in March, 1603. The only reason worth naming alleged for this is, that the Poet would not have been likely to glorify her reign so amply after her death. And because there is still less likelihood that during her life he would have glorified in so large a measure the reign of her successor, therefore resort is had to the theory, that in June, 1613, the play was revived under a new title, which caused Sir Henry Wotton to think it *a new play*, and that the Prologue was then written and the passage concerning James interpolated by Ben Jonson. Which position needs no other answer, than that it is unsupported by any real evidence: it is a sheer conjecture, devised of purpose to meet the exigency of a foregone conclusion. And, surely, the evidence must be pretty strong, to warrant the belief that Jonson would have exercised such a liberal patronage over any of Shakespeare's plays while the author was yet living. And as for the passage touching James, we can perceive no such signs as have been alleged of its being an after insertion: the awkwardness of connection, which has been so confidently affirmed as betraying a second hand or a second time, seems altogether imaginary: the passage knits in as smoothly as need be with what precedes and follows, is of the same cast, color, and complexion, and, in brief, is perfectly in course and keeping with the whole drift and upshot of Cranmer's magnificent prediction. We speak the more strongly on this subject, for that the interpolation

has been assumed as beyond controversy, and the lines printed in brackets, as having no right to be considered a part of the original play. And it is worthy of special note, that the words,—"She shall be an *aged princess*,"—have not been included in the brackets; which, notwithstanding, are precisely what any man would have least dared to write, unless he meant that writing should be his last, while the great queen was living.

Nor is it easy to discover in the play itself any very strong indications of its having been written with a special view to please Elizabeth. The design, so far as she was anywise concerned therein, seems much rather to have been, to please the people by whom she was all-beloved during her life, and, if possible, still more so when, after the lapse of a few years, her prudence, her courage, and her magnanimity, save where her female jealousies were touched, had been set off to greater advantage by the blunders and infirmities of her speech-wise, act-fool successor. For it is well known that for a long while the popular feeling run back so strongly to her government, that James had no way but to fall in with and swell the current, notwithstanding the strong causes which he had, both public and personal, to execrate her memory. The play has an evident making in with this feeling, unsolicitous, generally, of what would have been likely to make in, and sometimes boldly adventurous of what would have been sure to make out, with the object of it. Such an appreciative representation of the meek and honorable sorrows of Katharine, so nobly-proud, yet in that pride so gentle and true-hearted; her dignified submission, wherein her rights as a woman and a wife are firmly watched and sweetly maintained, yet the sharpest eye cannot detect the least swerving from duty; her brave and eloquent sympathy with the plundered people, pleading their cause in the face of royal and reverend rapacity, and that with an energetic simplicity which even the witchcraft of Wolsey's tongue cannot sophisticate; and all this set in open contrast with the worldly-minded levity, and the equiv-

ocal, or at least the qualified, virtue of her rival, and with the sensual, hard-hearted, hypocritical tyranny of the king;—surely the Poet must have known a great deal less, or else a great deal more, than anybody else, of the haughty daughter of that rival and that king, to have thought of pleasing her by such a representation.

Mr. Collier, who holds much the same view as here expressed, so far as regards the prophecies touching Elizabeth and James, has however a third view as to the date of the composition. He thinks that the play was probably brought out at the Globe Theater in the summer of 1604, and that what Sir Henry Wotton described in 1613 as "a new play, called *All is True*," was the work of another person. His only ground for this opinion is the following entry in the Stationers' Register, made to Nathaniel Butter, February 12, 1605: "If he get good allowance for the Interlude of King Henry VIII before he begins to print it, and then procure the wardens' hands to it for the entrance of it, he is to have the same for his copy." Had there been at that time no other dramatic performance on the subject of Henry the Eighth, this would indeed go far to prove, not that the play described by Sir Henry was not Shakespeare's, but that he was mistaken in calling it *new*. But it seems quite probable that the above-quoted entry relates to another play by Samuel Rowley, published in 1605, and entitled *When you see me you know me, or The Famous Chronicle History of King Henry the Eighth.*

The historical matter of this play, so far as relates to the fall of Wolsey and the divorcement of Katharine, was originally derived from George Cavendish, who was gentleman-usher to the great cardinal, and himself an eyewitness of much that he describes. His *Life of Master Wolsey* is among the best specimens extant of the older English literature; the narrative being set forth in a clear, simple, manly eloquence, which in some of his finest passages the Poet has almost literally transcribed. Whether his book had been published in Shakespeare's time, is un-

certain, but so much of it as fell within the plot of the drama had been embodied in the Chronicles of Holinshed and Stowe. That the Poet may have read it either in manuscript or in some unknown edition, is indeed possible: howbeit, the play yields no evidence of his having gone beyond the pages of the chronicler. We subjoin a pretty full statement of the matter as it stands in Holinshed; where the reader will be apt to feel a certain first-hand directness and spirit, as though the words had been caught and kept in all their racy freshness, as they fell from the original speakers.

In the summer of 1527, something over six years after the death of Buckingham, it began to be whispered in London, how the king had been told by Dr. Longland, bishop of Lincoln, and others, that his marriage with Katharine was not lawful; and how for that cause he was thinking to put her away, and marry the duchess of Alencon, sister to the king of France. Hearing that this rumor was going, the king sent for the mayor, and charged him to see that the people ceased from such talk. The next year, however, the trouble, which, it seems, had long been secretly brewing in the king's conscience touching that matter, broke out sure enough. Whether this doubt were first moved by the cardinal or by Longland, the king's confessor, at all events, in doubt he was; and therefore he resolved to have the case examined and cleared by sufficient authority. And, in truth, the blame of having cast this scruple into his mind was commonly laid upon Wolsey, because of his known hatred to the emperor, Charles V, who was nephew to Katharine, and who had refused him the archbishopric of Toledo, for which he was a suitor. Therefore he sought to procure a divorce, that Henry might be free to knit a fast friendship with the French king by marrying his sister. In pursuance of his resolution Henry wrote to Rome, desiring that a legate might be sent over to hear and determine the cause; and the consistory sent Cardinal Campeius, a man of great judgment and experience, with whom was joined the car-

dinal of York. Upon his coming, which was in October, 1528, the king, knowing that the queen was somewhat wedded to her opinion, and wishing her to do nothing without counsel, bade her choose the best clerks in his realm, and licensed them to do the best they could for her. She having made her selection, the great hall at Black-Friars was fixed upon and fitted up for the trial.

The court began its work on June 21, 1529. All things being ready, at the command of the scribe the crier called, "Henry, king of England, come into the court. With that the king answered, Here. Then called he, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court. Who made no answer, but rose out of her chair; and, because she could not come to the king directly for the distance between them, she went about by the court, and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet. Sir, quoth she, I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me; for I am a poor woman, and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here no indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas, sir, in what have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you? I take God to my judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight, whether little or much: without grudge or displeasure, I loved for your sake all them whom you loved, whether they were my friends or enemies. I have been your wife these twenty years and more, and you have had by me divers children. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty, or of matter lawful to put me from you, I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hand. The king your father was in his time of excellent wit; and the king of Spain my father, Ferdinand, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not to be doubted, that they had gathered as wise

counselors unto them of every realm, who deemed the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Wherefore I humbly desire you to spare me, until I may know what counsel my friends in Spain will advise me to take; and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled.

"Here is to be noted, that the queen in presence of the whole court most grievously accused the cardinal of untruth, deceit, and malice, which had sown dissension betwixt her and the king; and therefore openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge, who was not only a malicious enemy to her, but also a manifest adversary to all right and justice: and therewith did she appeal unto the pope, committing her whole cause to be judged of him. With that she arose up, making a low courtesy to the king, and departed. The king, being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call her again; who called, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court. With that quoth master Griffith, Madam, you be called again. On, on, quoth she; it maketh no matter: I will not tarry; go on your ways. And thus she departed, without any further answer at that time, or any other; and never would appear after in any court. The king, perceiving she was departed, said these words in effect: Forasmuch as the queen is gone, I will in her absence declare to you all, that she has been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife, as I would wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman: she is also surely noble born; her conditions well declare the same.

"With that quoth the cardinal, Sir, I most humbly require your highness to declare before all this audience, whether I have been the chief and first mover of this matter unto your majesty, or no; for I am greatly suspected herein. My lord cardinal, quoth the king, I can well excuse you in this matter; marry, you have been rather against me, than a setter-forward or mover of the same. The special cause that moved me was a scrupulosity that

pricked my conscience, upon certain words spoken by the bishop of Bayonne, the French ambassador, who had been hither sent upon the debating of a marriage between our daughter the lady Mary and the duke of Orleans. Upon the resolution and determination whereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate, in respect of my marriage with this woman, being sometime my brother's wife. Which words within the secret bottom of my conscience engendered such a scrupulous doubt, whereby I thought myself to be greatly in danger of God's indignation; which appeared the rather, for that He sent us no issue male, and all such issue male as my wife had by me died incontinent after they came into the world.

"Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind, it behooved me further to consider the state of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of a prince to succeed me. I thought it good in release of the weighty burden of my conscience to attempt the law therein, whether I may take another wife more lawfully, by whom God may send me more issue, and not for any misliking of the queen's person and age, with whom I would be as well contented, if our marriage may stand with the laws of God, as with any woman alive. In this point consisteth all that we now go about to try, by the wisdom of you, our prelates and pastors, to whose conscience and learning I have committed the charge and judgment. After that I perceived my conscience so doubtful, I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then ghostly father. And forasmuch as you were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these lords: whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your license to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords, which you granted under your seals. After that, the king rose up, and the court was adjourned till another day. The legates sat weekly, and every day were arguments brought in on both parts, and still they assayed if they could procure the

queen to call back her appeal, which she utterly refused to do. The king would gladly have had an end in the matter; but when the legates drove time, and determined no point, he conceived a suspicion, that this was of purpose that their doings might draw to no conclusion.

"Thus the court passed from session to session, till the king sent the two cardinals to the queen, who was then in Bridewell, to advise her to surrender the whole matter into the king's hands, which should be much better to her honor, than to stand to the trial of law. The cardinals being in the queen's chamber of presence, the gentleman-usher advertised the queen that they were come to speak with her. With that she rose up, and, with a skein of white thread about her neck, came into her chamber where they were attending. Quoth she, What is your pleasure with me? If it please your grace, quoth Cardinal Wolsey, to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming. My lord, quoth she, if ye have any thing to say, speak it openly before all these folk; for I fear nothing that ye can say against me, but I would all the world should hear and see it. Then began the cardinal to speak to her in Latin. Nay, good my lord, quoth she, speak to me in English. Forsooth, good madam, quoth the cardinal, we come to know your mind in this matter between the king and you, and to declare secretly our opinions and counsel unto you; which we do only for very zeal and obedience we bear unto your grace. My lord, quoth she, I thank you for your good will; but to make answer in your request I cannot so suddenly; for I was set among my maids at work, thinking full little of any such matter; wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine: I need counsel in this case which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What think you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel me, or be friend to me against the king's pleasure? Nay, forsooth; as for my counsel, in whom I will put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spain, in my own coun-

try.—My lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit to answer to any such noble persons of wisdom as you be, in so weighty a matter: therefore, I pray you, be good to me, destitute of friends here in a foreign region; and your counsel also I will be glad to hear. And therewith she took the cardinal by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber with the other cardinal; where they tarried a season, talking with the queen: which communication ended, they departed to the king, making to him relation of her talk."

All men now looked for a conclusion of the case the next day; but, when the time came, Campeius, instead of giving judgment, dissolved the court, saying that, as the defendant had appealed her cause to Rome, he could take no further action, but would lay all their proceedings before the pope, and abide by his decision; which delay was highly offensive to the king. Meanwhile Wolsey had been apprised that the king had set his heart upon Anne Boleyn, the queen's maid of honor. Foreseeing that if the divorce were granted the king would marry her, he set himself to defeat that match, which he thought was most of all to be avoided. The queen's appeal to Rome still pending, he sent letters and secret messengers, requesting the pope to defer judgment in the case till he could mold the king to his purpose. But his doings were not so secret but that the king got knowledge of them, and thereupon took so great displeasure that he resolved to abase the cardinal; which when the nobles perceived, they began to accuse him of such offenses as they knew could be proved, and, having drawn up certain articles, got divers of the king's council to set their hands to them. The king was now informed that what the cardinal had done in virtue of his legantine power fell under the statute of *præmunire*, and, a parliament being called, he caused his attorney to make out a writ to that effect. On November 17, 1529, he sent the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, requiring him to surrender the great seal, and retire to Asher, a house near Hampton-court, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester.

Wolsey refused to give up the seal without further proof of their authority, saying that the king had entrusted it to him for the term of his life, and confirmed the gift with letters-patent. After a great many words between them, the dukes went off without it, and returned the next day with a written order from the king; whereupon the cardinal yielded, made over his whole personal estate to the king, and threw himself entirely on his mercy.

So big was this great man's grief, that about Christmas he was taken down with a threatening fever. On hearing of his danger, the king exclaimed,—"God forbid that he should die! I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds." He then forthwith sent three physicians to Asher, assured the sick man of his unabated attachment, and persuaded Anne Boleyn to send him a tablet of gold as a token of reconciliation. In the course of the winter Wolsey retired to his office as archbishop of York, the king having arrested the *præmunire* so far as to reserve him the revenues of that see and of Winchester. At this time many of his servants, the chief of whom was Thomas Cromwell, left his service, and entered the king's. It is said that he kept Easter at Peterborough, with a train of a hundred and sixty persons; and that "upon Maundy-Thursday he there had nine-and-fifty poor men, whose feet he washed, and gave every one twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas, a pair of shoes, a cast of red herrings and three white herrings, and one of them had two shillings." By his great thoughts, gentle acts, and liberal and gracious deportment, he was winning the hearts of all about him; on which account his enemies, fearing he might yet reinstate himself, spared no efforts to complete his undoing. Accordingly, the following November, at his manor of Cawood, he was arrested for high treason by the earl of Northumberland. On his way to London he spent several days at Sheffield park with the earl of Shrewsbury, where he was taken very ill with a fever and a flux which greatly reduced his strength. There he was met by Kingston, constable of the Tower, to whom it had

friends, and sucked the righteous blood of Fisher and More. Well might the poor woman die of a broken heart! And so, in truth, she did: yet no threats or promises could induce her to forego the title of queen; neither would she allow herself to be addressed in any other style, though the king had put forth an order making it treason to give her any title but that of Princess Dowager. The story of her death is thus told by Holinshed: "The Princess Dowager, lying at Kimbolton, fell into her last sickness, whereof the king being advertised appointed the emperor's ambassador, named Eustachius Capucius, to visit her, and will her to be of good comfort. The ambassador with all diligence did his duty therein; but she within six days after, perceiving herself to wax very weak and feeble, and to feel death approaching, caused one of her gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him her daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto her. Further, she desired him to have some consideration for her gentlewomen that had served her, and to see them bestowed in marriage; and that it would please him to appoint that her servants might have their due and a year's wages besides. This in effect was all she requested; and so immediately she departed this life, and was buried at Peterborough."

The fifth act of this play is remarkable in that it yields a further disclosure as to Shakespeare's reading. Some of the incidents and, in many cases, the very words are taken from Fox the Martyrologist, whose *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, first published in 1563, had grown to be a very popular book in the Poet's time.

And it is to be noted that the Poet has here again judiciously departed from the actual order of events. For the passage between Cranmer and the Privy Council took place in 1544, more than eleven years after the event with which the play closes. Of course the inherent adaptedness of the matter to a sound and legitimate stage-effect did not escape the Poet's eye; and he has certainly used it to that end with sufficient skill and judgment: but as

the design of the piece required that it should wind up with the birth and christening of Elizabeth, he had no way to avail himself of that matter, but by anticipating and drawing it back to an earlier period. Thus far we have only a principle of dramatic convenience for the transposition. But there is really a much deeper reason for it. For the passage in question yields the most forcible and pertinent instance of that steady support of Cranmer by the king, which was necessary to prepare the way for the final establishing of the Reformation on Elizabeth's coming to the crown. So that the matter is substantially connected with the ushering in of that new era in the national life, which was to form the chief strength and glory of her reign, and with the prevision of which the drama was to conclude. For it is manifest that the main interest of the drama, taken as a whole, culminates in that national renovation of mind and soul which was to take its beginnings from or along with the establishing of the Reformed Faith: a sort of prophetic forecast to this effect runs through the play as an undercurrent, now and then working up to the surface in hopeful and joyous anticipation; while the whole ends by projecting the thoughts forward into the far-off glories thence resulting. Thus we may see that the king's treatment of Cranmer, so aptly instanced in the passage with the Privy Council, stands in some sort as the original and cause of those mighty interests which are gathered up and concentrated in the closing scene: though later in time than the birth of Elizabeth, it was in true logical and historical antecedence to the manifold great events which were bound up with her life, and which are appropriately made the theme of exultation at her christening.

It is a question of no little interest how far, and in what sort, the Poet has in this play committed himself to the Reformation; if at all, whether more as a religious or as a national movement. He certainly shows a good mind towards Cranmer, but nothing can be justly inferred from this, for he shows the same quite as much towards Kath-

arine; and the king's real motives for putting her away are made plain enough: all which bespeaks a judicial calmness and evenness of mind, such as could not easily be won to any thing savoring of advocacy or special-pleading. There are, however, several expressions in the play, especially that in Cranmer's prophecy respecting Elizabeth,—"In her days God shall be truly known,"—that indicate pretty clearly on which side the Poet stood in the great ecclesiastical question of the time: though it may be plausibly, if not fairly, urged that in all these cases he does but make the persons speak in proper keeping with their characters and circumstances, without projecting any thing of his individuality into them, or practising any ventriloquism about them; thus maintaining the usual aloofness of himself, his opinions, tastes, preferences, from his representations. Not by any means that we should make or admit any question of the Poet's being what would now be called a Protestant. That he was most truly and most wisely such, is shown unmistakably, we think, by the general complexion and toning of the piece, which, by the way, is the only one of his plays wherein this issue enters into the very structure and life of the work. It can scarce be thought that any man otherwise minded would have selected and ordered the materials of a drama so manifestly with a view to celebrate the glories of Elizabeth's reign, all the main features thereof being identified with that interest by foes as well as friends. But whether he were made such more by religious or by national sympathies, is another question, and one not to be decided so easily. For the honor and the liberties of England were then so held to be bound up with that cause, that the Poet's sound, sterling, honest English heart and the strong current of patriotic sentiment that flowed through his veins were enough of themselves to pledge him to it, and to secure it his enthusiastic and unreserved allegiance. That there was, practically, no breath for the stout, lusty nationality of old England but in the atmosphere of the Reformation, left no choice to such a downright,

thorough-paced Englishman as Shakespeare everywhere approves himself. So that all does but set off the Poet's equanimity in giving to each of the characters their due, and in letting them speak without fear or favor for themselves. That, in his view, they could best serve his ends by freely pursuing their own, is of course the best possible proof that his ends were right.

The main idea of this play, that whereon the grouping of the persons and the casting of the parts are made to proceed, is announced in the Prologue, thus:

> "You see them great,
> And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
> Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
> How soon this mightiness meets misery."

Here we have the key-note of the whole, that which draws and tempers the several particulars into consistency and harmony of effect. Accordingly the interest turns on a series of sudden and most affecting reverses. One after another the mighty are humbled and the lofty laid low, their prosperity being strained to a high pitch, as if on purpose to deepen their plunge, just when they have reached the summit with their hearts built up and settled to the height of their rising, and when the wheel of Fortune seems fast locked, with themselves at the top. First, we have the princely Buckingham in the full-blown pride of talents and station; made insolent and presumptuous by success; losing his self-control by the very elevation that renders it most needful; putting forth those leaves of hope which, as they express the worst parts of himself, of course provoke the worst parts of others, and so invite danger while blinding him to its approach: so that all things within and around him are thus made ripe for his final upsetting and ruin. Next, we have the patient and saintly Katharine sitting in state with the king, all that she can ask being given ere she asks it, sharing half his power, and appearing most worthy of it when most free to use it: she sees blessings flowing from her hand to the

people, and the honor and happiness of the nation reviving as she pleads for them; and her state seems secure, because it stands on nothing but virtue, and aims at nothing but the good of all within her reach, and because of her simple modesty and uprightness which no flatteries can surprise or beguile: yet even now the hypocritical king is cherishing in secret the passion that has already supplanted her from his heart, and his base crafty mind is plotting the means of divorcing her from his side; while at the same time he is weaving about her such a net of intrigue and conspiracy as may render her virtues, her very strength and beauty of character, powerless in her behalf, so that before she feels the meditated wrong all chance of redress is foreclosed. Then we have the overgreat cardinal who, from his plenitude of inward forces, cuts his way and carries himself upward over whatsoever offers to stop him; who walks most securely when dangers are thickest, and is sure to make his purpose so long as there is any thing to hinder him, because he has the gift of turning all that would thwart him into the ministry of a new strength; whose cunning hand quietly steals and gathers in from others the elements of power, because he best knows how to use it and wherein the secret of it lies; who at length has the king for his pupil and dependent, because his strange witchcraft of tongue is never at loss for just the right word at just the right time; and gets the keeping and control of his will, because he alone has the wit to make a way for it: yet his very power of rising against all opposers serves, apparently, but to aggravate and assure his fall, when there is no further height for him to climb; and he at last, by his own mere oversight and oblivion, loses all he has gained, because he has nothing more to gain.

Yet in all these cases, because the persons have their greatness inherent, and not adventitious, therefore they carry it with them in their reverses; or rather, in seeming to lose it, they augment it. For it is then seen, as it could not be before, that the greatness which was in their

circumstances only served to cripple or obscure that which was in themselves; their nobler and better qualities shining out afresh when they are brought low, so that from their fall we learn the real causes of their rising. Buckingham is something more and better than the gifted and accomplished nobleman, when he stands before us unpropped and simply as "poor Edward Bohun"; his innate nobility being set free by the hard discipline of adversity, and his mind falling back on its naked self for the making good his title to respect. And Wolsey towers far above the all-powerful cardinal and chancellor who "bore his blushing honors thick upon him," when, stripped of every thing that fortune and favor can give or take away, he bestows his great mind in parting counsel upon Cromwell; when he comes, "an old man broken with the storms of state," to beg "a little earth for charity"; and when

> "His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
> For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
> And found the blessedness of being little."

Nor is the change in our feelings towards them, after their fall, merely an effect passing within ourselves: it proceeds in part upon a real disclosure and outcoming of somewhat in them that was before hidden or stifled beneath the superinducings of place and circumstance; it is the seeing what they really are, and not merely the considering what they have lost, that now moves us to do them reverence. For those elements which, stimulated into an usurped predominance by the subtly-working drugs of flattery and pride, before made them hateful and repulsive, are now overmastered by the stronger elements of good that have their dwelling in them. And because this real and true exaltation springs up as the natural consequence of their overthrow, therefore it is that from the ruins of their fallen state the Poet builds "such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow."

Katharine, it is true, so nobly meek, so proudly submissive, maintains the same simple, austere, and solid sweet-

ness of mind and manners through all the changes of fortune. Yet she, too, rises by her humiliation and is made perfect by suffering, if not in herself, at least to us; for it gives her full sway over those deeper sympathies which are necessary to a just appreciation of the profound and venerable beauty of her character. She has neither great nor brilliant parts; and of this she is herself aware, for she knows herself most thoroughly; yet she is truly great, —and this is the only truth about her which she does not know, and that, because she will not,—from the wonderful symmetry and composure wherein all the elements of her being stand and move together: so that she presents a very remarkable instance of greatness in the whole, with the absence of it in the parts. How clear and piercing and exact her judgment and discrimination! yet we scarce know whence it comes, or how. She exemplifies, more than any other of Shakespeare's historical portraits, the working

> "Of that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
> By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
> Reveals the approach of evil."

Not a little of the awe with which we justly regard her seems owing to the fact, or rather, perhaps, the impression we take, that she sees through her husband perfectly, yet never in the least betrays to him, and hardly owns to herself, what mean and wicked qualities she knows or feels to be in him. It is not possible to overstate her simple artlessness of mind, yet her simplicity is of such a texture and make as to be an overmatch for all the resources of unscrupulous cunning by which she is beset. Her betrayers, with all their dark craft, can neither keep from her the secret of their thoughts, nor turn her knowledge of it into any blemish of her innocence; and she is as brave to face and even to outface their purpose, as she is penetrating to discover it. And when her resolution is fixed, that "nothing but death shall e'er divorce her dignities," it is not, and we feel it is not, that she anywise over-val-

ues the accidents of her position, or holds them for one iota more than they are worth; the reverse of this is rather true: but to her they are the necessary symbols of her honor as a wife, and the inseparable garments of her delicacy as a woman; and as such, (to say nothing how her thoughts of duty, of ancestral reverence, and of self-respect, are associated with them,) they have so grown in with her life, that she cannot part with them and live. Moreover, many hard, hard trials have made her conscious of her sterling virtue; she has borne too much, and borne it too well, to be ignorant what she is, and how much better things she has deserved; she knows, as she alone can know, that patience has had its perfect work with her: and this knowledge of her most solid and true worth, so sorely tried, so fully proved, enhances to her sense the insult and wrong that are put upon her, and make them eat like rust into her soul; in short, her one absorbing sentiment is that of the profoundest grief at meeting with such hardhearted injustice and indignity, where she had done and suffered so much to make good her claims as a woman and a wife.

One instance deserves to be specially noted, where by the peculiar use of a single word the Poet illustrates very pregnantly, how Katharine "guides her words with discretion," and at the same time makes her suggest the long and hard ordeal of temper and judgment which she has nobly stood through. It is in the conversation that passes between her and the two cardinals, when they come to visit her at Bridewell:

> "Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
> One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
> And to that woman, when she has done most,
> Yet will I add an honor,—*a great patience.*"

How much more is here understood to be meant than is allowed to meet the ear! By the cautious and well-guarded, but prolific hint conveyed in the words italicized, the mind is thrown back and set at work upon the long

course of trials she has suffered, yet still kept her suffering secret, lest the knowledge thereof should defeat the hope that has possession of her heart; with what considerate forbearance and reserve she has borne with and struggled against the worst parts of her husband's character; how she has wisely and thoughtfully ignored his base and cruel sins against her, that so she might still keep in action with him the proper motives to amendment; thus endeavoring by conscientious art and policy to make the best that could be out of his strong, but hard, selfish, groveling nature. And yet all this is so intimated as not to compromise the quick and apprehensive delicacy which befits her relation to him, and belongs to her character.

The scope of the suggestion in hand is well shown by a passage in the *Life of Wolsey*, referring to things that took place some time before the question of divorce was openly broached. The writer, having just spoken of Anne Boleyn's "privy grudge" against the cardinal for breaking the contract between Lord Percy and her, goes on thus: "But after she knew the king's pleasure and the bottom of his secret stomach, then she began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of jewels or rich apparel that might be gotten for money. It was therefore judged bye-and-bye through the court of every man, that she being in such favor might work masteries with the king, and obtain any suit of him for her friend. All this while, it is no doubt but good Queen Katharine, having this gentlewoman daily attending upon her, both heard by report and saw with her eyes how it framed against her good ladyship: although she showed neither unto Mistress Anne Boleyn nor unto the king any kind or spark of grudge or displeasure; but accepted all things in good part, and with wisdom and great patience dissembled the same, having Mistress Anne in more estimation for the king's sake, than she was before; declaring herself to be a very perfect Grissel, as her patient acts shall hereafter more evidently be declared."

As regards the characterization of this play, perhaps

there need nothing further be said; though there is much more that would well bear dwelling upon. Taken altogether, its most note-worthy feature seems to lie in combining a very strict adherence to history with the Poet's peculiar mode of conceiving and working out character; thus showing that his creative powers could have all the freedom they desired under the severest laws of actual truth. The portrait of Henry, considering all the circumstances in which it was drawn, is a remarkable piece of work, being no less true to the original than politic as regards the author; for the cause which Henry had been made to serve, though against his will and from the very rampancy of his vices, had rendered it a long and hard process for the nation to see him as he was. His ferocious, low-minded ruffianism is set forth without palliation or disguise, yet with such simplicity of dealing as if the Poet himself were scarce aware of it: yet when one of the speakers is made to say of the king,—"His conscience has crept too near another lady,"—it is manifest that Shakespeare understood his character perfectly. His little traditional peculiarities of manner, which would be ridiculous, but that his boisterous savageness of temper renders them dreadful, so that they move disgust and terror at the same time; and the mixture of hypocrisy and fanaticism which endeavors to misderive his bad passions, his cruelty and lust, from divine sources, thus making Heaven responsible for the devil that is in him, and in the strength of which he is enabled to believe a lie, even while he knows it is a lie, and because he wishes it true;—all these things are shown up without malignity indeed, but without mercy too; the Poet nowhere betraying any the least judgment or leaning either for or against him, insomuch as almost to leave it doubtful whether himself disapproved of what he was showing. The secret of all which is, that Shakespeare does not expressly and as from himself draw and mold the king's character, but, in his usual way, allows him freely to characterize himself by his own words and deeds.

And in the brief but searching delineation of Anne Boleyn there is drawn together the essence of a long history. With little or nothing in her of a substantive or positive nature one way or the other; with scarce any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she is notwithstanding rather an amiable person; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vain pomps and fripperies of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly and pitiful heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently flattered and elated by those royal benevolences, which to any just sensibility of honor would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good queen; but her pity goes altogether on false grounds; and she shows by the very terms of it her eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the queen is about to lose. She strikes infinitely below the true grounds and sources of Katharine's noble sorrow, and that in such a way as to indicate her utter inability to reach or conceive them; and thus serves to set off and enhance the deep and solid character of her of whose sole truth is not so much a quality, as it is the very substance and essential form; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from any acuteness or strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the crooked policy and duplicity which are playing their engines about her. For, as Mrs. Jameson justly observes, this thorough honesty and integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as hard to be deceived, as it is incapable of deceiving. We can well imagine, that with those of the Poet's audience who had any knowledge of English history, and many of them no doubt had much, the delineation of Anne, broken off, as it is, at the height of her fortune, must needs have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Katharine's place, soon afterwards drew on herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse than had overtaken those on whose ruins she

had risen. And indeed some such thing may be needful, in order to excuse the Poet, on the score of art, for not carrying out the truth of history from seed-time to harvest, or at least indicating the consummation of that whereof he so faithfully unfolds the beginnings. For, that the play is historically true so far as it goes, strengthens the reason for that completeness which enters into the proper idea of historical truth.

Nevertheless, the moral effect of the play is very impressive and very just. And the lesson evolved, so far as it can be gathered into generalities, may be said to stand in showing how sorrow makes sacred the wearer, and how, to our human feelings, suffering, if borne with true dignity and strength of soul, covers a multitude of sins; or, to carry out this point with more special reference to Katharine, the lesson is stated by Mrs. Jameson, with her usual felicity, to consist in illustrating how, by the union of perfect truth with entire benevolence of character, a queen and heroine of tragedy, though "stripped of all the pomp of place and circumstance," and without any of "the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace, fancy, commanding intellect, could depend on the moral principle alone, to touch the very springs of feeling in our bosoms, and melt and elevate our hearts through the purest and holiest impulses."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

KATHARINE

Dr. Johnson observed that the genius of Shakspere comes in and goes out with Queen Katharine. What then chiefly interested the dramatist in this designed and partly accomplished *Henry VIII?* The presence of a noble sufferer,—one who was grievously wronged, and who by a plain loyalty to what is faithful and true, by a disinterestedness of soul, and enduring magnanimity, passes out of all passion and personal resentment into the reality of things, in which much indeed of pain remains, but no ignoble wrath or shallow bitterness of heart. Her earnest endeavor for the welfare of her English subjects is made with fearless and calm persistence in the face of Wolsey's opposition. It is integrity and freedom from self-regard set over against guile, and power, and pride. In her trial-scene the indignation of Katharine flashes forth against the Cardinal, but is an indignation which unswervingly progresses towards and penetrates into the truth.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

With all his desire to please his royal mistress, Shakspeare has yet never once depreciated the virtues of the good Queen Katharine, or drawn a veil over her injuries. He has made her the most prominent, as well as the most amiable, sufferer in his drama; and, in thus closely adhering to the truth of history, he pays a silent tribute to the liberality of Elizabeth, more worth than all his warmest eulogiums.—Inchbald, *King Henry VIII* in *The British Theatre.*

KATHARINE AND ANNE BULLEN

The two female characters between whom Henry is placed betray the same masterly manner of dramatic delineation, although one is a mere sketch. Katharine is a touching model of womanly virtue and gentleness, of conjugal devotion and love, and of Christian patience in defenseless suffering. She is surrounded by the most virtuous company; her enemy is compelled to praise in her a "disposition gentle" and a "wisdom o'ertopping woman's power." She has never done evil which must seek concealment; she was incapable of calumny and injury. Only when a natural instinct provokes her against an artful intriguer, to whom, while led away by his ambition, virtue is a folly, and when she has to take poor subjects under her protection against oppression, then only does her virtue impart to her a sting, which, however, never transgresses the limits of womanly refinement. She loves her husband "with that excellence that angels love good men with"; almost bigoted in her love, she dreams of no joy beyond his pleasure; he himself testifies to her that she was never opposed to his wishes, that she was of wife-like government, commanding in obeying; all his caprices she bore with the most saint-like patience. To see herself divorced from him after twenty years of happiness is a load of sorrow which only the noblest of women can bear with dignity and resignation; to descend from the high position of queen is moreover painful to the royal Spaniard. But she is ready to lead a life of seclusion in homely simplicity, and to bless her faithless, cruel husband even to the hour of her death. Her soul had remained beautiful upon the throne, in her outward degradation it was more beautiful still; she goes to the grave reconciled with her true enemy and destroyer. Johnson has ranked her death scene as above any scene in any other poet; so much was he impressed with its profound effect, unaided by romantic contrivance, and apart from all unnatural bursts of poetic lamentation and the ebullitions of stormy sorrow. *One*

womanly weakness the poet (in obedience to history) has imputed to her even to the brink of the grave: even in the hour of death, and after she has indeed seen heaven open, she clings to the royal honor which belongs to her. The poet indicates in Anne Bullen the counterpart to this weakness. He has portrayed this "fresh-fish," the rising queen, only from a distance, he has rather declared than exhibited her beauty, her loveliness, and chastity, her completeness in mind and feature; he does not attempt to enlist us excessively in her favor, when he exhibits her so merry in the society of a Sands; moreover, all place greater stress upon the blessing which is to descend from her than upon herself. The introductory scene makes us believe that she is as free from ambitious views as she asserts; her conversation indeed with the court lady convinces us as little as the former that she could not reconcile herself to splendid honors when they were laid upon her. We see her not as queen, but we see her self-love flattered so far that we can well divine that, raised out of her lowly position, she would play the part of queen as well as Katharine did that of a domestic woman.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

ANNE

What was the real position of Anne now in the midst of all these stirring events? Shakespeare's portrait of her in the two scenes (aside from the coronation) in which she is introduced has all the delicacy of a rare water-color, daintily washed in. Before the subject of Katharine's divorce is touched upon, the poet with his dramatic instinct presents Anne to his audience at one of the fashionable masques of the time, in Wolsey's house, where she meets the king by poetic license for the first time. The meaning is to convey, subtly and without offense to Henry's memory, the well-known fact that the king had long known and paid his royal attention to Anne. Perhaps there was here a delicate reference to the often-referred-to fact, that although Anne accepted favors from the royal hand in the

shape of titles and estates, she bestowed none in return until as a lawful wife she could with honor. Such an inference could not fail to be gratefully received by Anne's daughter, and Shakespeare among his other talents possessed those of an accomplished courtier.—WARNER, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

The scene in which Anna Bullen is introduced as expressing her grief and sympathy for her royal mistress is exquisitely graceful.

> Here's the pang that pinches:
> His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
> So good a lady, that no tongue could ever

How completely, in the few passages appropriated to Anna Bullen, is her character portrayed! with what a delicate and yet luxuriant grace is she sketched off, with her gaiety and her beauty, her levity, her extreme mobility, her sweetness of disposition, her tenderness of heart, and, in short, all her *femalities!* How nobly has Shakspeare done justice to the two women, and heightened our interest in both, by placing the praises of Katherine in the mouth of Anna Bullen! and how characteristic of the latter, that she should first express unbounded pity for her mistress, insisting chiefly on her fall from her regal state and worldly pomp, thus betraying her own disposition—

> For she that had all the fair parts of woman,
> Had, too, a woman's heart, which ever yet
> Affected eminence, wealth, and sovereignty.

That she should call the loss of temporal pomp, once enjoyed, "a sufferance equal to soul and body's severing"; that she should immediately protest that she would not herself be a queen—"No, good troth! not for all the riches under heaven!"—and not long afterwards ascend without reluctance that throne and bed from which her royal mistress had been so cruelly divorced!—how natural! The portrait is not less true and masterly than that of Katherine; but the character is overborne by the superior moral

firmness and intrinsic excellence of the latter. That we may be more fully sensible of this contrast, the beautiful scene just alluded to immediately precedes Katherine's trial at Blackfriars, and the description of Anna Bullen's triumphant beauty at her coronation, is placed immediately before the dying scene of Katherine; yet with equal good taste and good feeling Shakspeare has constantly avoided all personal collision between the two characters; nor does Anna Bullen ever appear as queen except in the pageant of the procession.—JAMESON, *Shakspeare's Heroines.*

WOLSEY

Wolsey is Shakespeare's most elaborate picture, and he has many, of the arrogant, scheming and unchristian churchman. The strongest lines mark his duplicity of act and word, his envy, malice and pitilessness against Buckingham, Catharine, Pace or Bullen—the dim-burning light that with off-hand severity he would snuff out; and yet so soon as his own ruin explodes he turns upon those who triumph in his fall, some like Surrey not without good excuse, and taxes them indignantly with envy and malice, —their ignorance of truth,—he who so often had profaned his gift of ingratiating language to betray,—with shameful want of manners, thus imputing the faults with which he of all others is most chargeable. Yet strange to say in all this seeming impudent self-assertion he is already becoming more truthful. His defenselessness comes bitterly home to him, and he grasps about wildly and eagerly for those weapons and the armor, that would bestead him in such need; and as he vainly searches in his soul for the resources he has forfeited he becomes conscious of his past and irreparable improvidence. Relieved from the obstructions of place and power, he soon sees with clear eye from what quarter might have come entire protection against, or compensation for any danger, and any insult and fall. The very features of the vices he has been practising are reflected before him in the ex-

ultation of the enemies who have leapt into his position, and with sudden pang he notes and hates their despicableness in himself. Such is the process of the purification of his mind, and the sign of it is that the taunts of the nobles have their effect in composing his mind rather than agitating or irritating it. In a bright outburst of moral enlightenment we note the refreshment and very rejuvenescence of the soul, which Shakespeare is our warrant may truly come over the corrupt,—the criminal. No repentance will ever undo and reverse the full consequence of wrong, for the better life of the man may sigh as vainly to recover the misused capacities and opportunities of youth and boyhood as their lost hours; yet is not the great Order merciless, nor are they dreamers and deceivers of the fanatical who tell that it remains for the wrong-doer—who shall set a limit and say how heinously guilty—to arrive by whatever providential process at a newness of heart that places him in completest opposition to his former self, gives him the sense of triumph over his own former errors and enables him,—the test of sincerity at last, to conquer self in the future, and to find happiness in promoting happiness entirely independent of his own temporal success, and even at the expense of it.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

INACCURACIES OF THE PLAY

This very glorification of the House of Tudor has led him [Shakspeare] to commit offenses against historical truth in a way that he should not have done, because they are so many offenses against poetical beauty and the laws of dramatic art. Shakspeare has, it is true, not spared Henry's character: he appears everywhere as the obstinate, capricious, selfish and heartless man that he was—a slave to his favorites and to his passions. That Shakspeare has not *expressly* described him as such, that he has rather characterized him tacitly through his own actions, and no doubt sedulously pushed his good points into the fore-

ground, could not—without injustice—have been expected otherwise from a national poet who wrote in the reign of Henry's daughter, the universally honored Elizabeth. Further, that he does not describe Anne Boleyn exactly as she was—she who, indeed, at first rejected Henry's advances, but afterwards lived with him in adultery for three years—is also excusable, seeing that she was Elizabeth's mother, and her doings had not in Shakspeare's time been fully disclosed, at all events they were not publicly narrated in the Chronicles and popular histories.

Some inaccuracies may be left out of consideration; for instance, that the opinions expressed by the most eminent theologians in regard to Henry's divorce were not in his favor, and that Thomas Cranmer was not quite the noble, amiable Christian character he is here represented. These are secondary circumstances which the poet was free to dispose of as he pleased. But one point, where he certainly is open to censure, is, that he has not given us a *full* and *complete* account of the lives of Henry and Anne, but simply a portion of their history; the representation therefore becomes untrue from an *ideal* point of view as well. Not only does this offend the justice which proceeds from human thought, but it likewise offends poetical justice. Moreover, it is opposed to the true and actual justice of history when a man like Henry—the slave to his selfish caprice, lusts and passions, the play-ball in the hands of such a favorite as the ambitious, revengeful, intriguing Wolsey—a man who condemns the Duke of Buckingham to death without cause or justice, and who for his own low, sensual desires repudiates his amiable, pious, and most noble consort, whose only fault is a pardonable pride in her true majesty—when, I repeat, such a man is rewarded for his heavy transgressions with the hand of the woman he loves and by the birth of a fortunate child; and again, when we see Anne Boleyn—who even in the drama seems burdened with a grievous sin, inasmuch as she forces herself into the place belonging to the unjustly banished Queen—leave the stage simply as the happy, extolled

mother of such a child, and in the full enjoyment of her unlawful possession. This is *not* the course taken by *history*. We know, and it was always well known, that Henry died while still in the prime of life and after much suffering, in consequence of his excessive dissipations—a wreck in body as well as in mind; we know, and it can never have been a secret, that Anne, after a short period of happiness, and not altogether unjustly, ended her frivolous life in prison, into which she was thrown at her own husband's command.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE PIECEMEAL CHARACTER

The piecemeal character of the play is set forth in the Prologue; comedy will be excluded (yet the comic element appears in the persons of the "Old Lady" and the Porter); but there will be occasion, it tells us, for pity, for the belief in truth, and for the delight in pageantry; in other words, the tragedy will be spoilt by history, and spectacular display will come to the rescue of both. As with the play, so with the characters; there is no leading character because there is no leading drama; Henry is variously and fitfully drawn, chiefly because the artist must devote his best time and pains to the canvas of Katherine; except perhaps at the close we are left in doubt as to whether he is noble or ignoble, a hero or a tyrant. Much the same may be said of Wolsey, Buckingham, and Anne Bullen; all this, however, is of less consequence as we possess the perfect picture of Katherine.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*

LACK OF UNITY

As a whole, for all its splendors, the play has no kind of unity, and is rather a pageant than a drama. The texture is often thin, rhetorical, and vague to an extent almost incredible in the creator of *The Tempest*. Neither the tragedy of Wolsey nor that of the Queen is fully

worked out, while the ending is feeble and inconsequent. The last act has, in fact, no relations to those preceding it, and very little interest of any kind.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE STYLE OF THE DRAMA

We have a few words to add on the style of this drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional peculiarity in the versification, which is not found in any other of Shakspere's works. The Roman plays, decidedly amongst the latest of his productions, possess a colloquial freedom of versification which in some cases approaches almost to ruggedness. But in the *Henry VIII* this freedom is carried much farther. We have repeated instances in which the lines are so constructed that it is impossible to read them with the slightest pause at the end of each line:—the sentence must be run together, so as to produce more the effect of measured prose than of blank-verse. As an example of what we mean we will write a sentence of fourteen lines as if it had been printed as prose:—

"Hence I took a thought this was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, well worthy the best heir of the world, should not be gladdened in 't by me: Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in by this my issue's fail: and that gave to me many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience, I did steer toward this remedy, whereupon we are now present here together; that is to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—by all the reverend fathers of the land, and doctors learn'd."

If the reader will turn to the passage (Act II, sc. iv) he will see that many of the lines end with particles, and that scarcely one of the lines is marked by a pause at the termination. Many other passages could be pointed out by this peculiarity. A theory has been set up that Jonson "tampered" with the versification. We hold this notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakspere's

which has a more decided character of unity—no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspere worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the license of versification, brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the *Henry VIII* is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a "truth." It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial it would have been less a reality.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Eighth*
CARDINAL WOLSEY
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*
DUKE OF NORFOLK
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
DUKE OF SUFFOLK
EARL OF SURREY
Lord Chamberlain
Lord Chancellor
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester*
Bishop of Lincoln
LORD ABERGAVENNY
LORD SANDS
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
SIR THOMAS LOVELL
SIR ANTHONY DENNY
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX
Secretaries to Wolsey
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine*
Three Gentlemen
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King*
Garter King-at-Arms
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms
Door-keeper at the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man
Page to Gardiner. A Crier

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honor, afterwards Queen*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen
PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants

Spirits

SCENE: *London, Westminster; Kimbolton*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Henry VIII has returned from France and from his interview with the king of that country on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Duke of Buckingham quarrels with Cardinal Wolsey, the lord chancellor, and the cardinal has the Duke arrested, charged with high treason. A great court supper is given by Wolsey at his palace in York place. The king and his lords attend in masks and habited like shepherds. The beauty, grace, and wit of Anne Bullen, maid of honor to Queen Katharine, greatly attracts the king.

ACT II

Buckingham is tried, and from the testimony of bribed witness, is found guilty of high treason and condemned to death. The king's conscience begins to trouble him, for he had married his brother's widow, and he consults Wolsey as to whether he should divorce her. The queen is brought to public trial, with Wolsey and another cardinal as judges. She refuses to accept Wolsey as her judge, believing the king's desire to divorce her to be a scheme of Wolsey's to rid himself of her influence over the king. She appeals to the Pope.

ACT III

Suddenly Wolsey sees why Henry wishes to put away Katharine—he desires to marry Anne Bullen. The cardinal writes a letter to the Pope, which miscarries and falls into the king's hand, along with an inventory of

Wolsey's property, most of which he had accumulated by appropriating to himself a great deal of the money raised by taxation. The king, angry at Wolsey's treachery, takes from him all of his civil offices and declares all his goods, lands, tenements, chattels, and whatever to be forfeited. In the meantime, the king has obtained from Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, an opinion on his divorce favorable to his own views, has put away the queen, and has secretly married Anne Bullen.

ACT IV

Cardinal Wolsey is arrested charged with high treason, but dies before his trial. Shortly after Queen Katharine dies. The coronation of Anne takes place with great pomp and magnificence. Cranmer anoints her queen.

ACT V

Cranmer's favor with the king arouses the jealousy of some powerful nobles. They plot his downfall and bring him to trial. They are about to send him to the Tower when the king enters and orders his release and asks him to christen Anne's daughter, Elizabeth. This he does and prophesies that "peace, plenty, love, truth, terror," shall all be servants of this royal infant in the days to come.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY VIII

THE PROLOGUE

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I 'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,

3. *"high and working"*; Staunton reads *"and high-working."*—I. G.

12. *"shilling"*; the usual price for a seat on or next the stage.—I. G.

16. *"a long motley coat"*; the professional garb of the fool or jester.—I. G.

Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend, 21
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat

19. *"As fool and fight";* "This is not the only passage," says Johnson, "in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men, with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend." The Prologue, partly on the strength of this passage, has been by some ascribed to Ben Jonson. It certainly accords well with what he says in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour,* though this nowise infers the conclusion some would draw from it:

"Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age;
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, *with three rusty swords,*
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.—H. N. H.

21. The line is either to be taken as a parenthesis, *"that"* referring to *"opinion"* (= reputation); or as following directly on *"opinion," i. e.* "the reputation we bring of making what we represent strictly in accordance with truth."—I. G.

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30
And if you can be merry then, I 'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

London. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

1. *"Enter the Duke of Norfolk,"* etc.; Thomas Howard, the present duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as earl of Surrey in King Richard III. His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV, and so, of course, aunt to the king. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors.—Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of King Richard III. The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, "the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the earl of Surrey; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.—H. N. H.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde;
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they
clung
In their embracement, as they grew together; 10
Which had they, what four throned ones could
have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now mar-
ried
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood 21
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

6. *"Those suns of glory"; i. e.* Francis I, King of France, and Henry VIII, King of England; Ff. 3, 4 read *"sons."*—I. G.

7. *"the vale of Andren."* *"'Twizt Guynes and Arde."* Guynes, a town in Picardy belonging to the English; Arde, a town in Picardy belonging to the French; the vale of Andren between the two towns was the scene of the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold."—I. G.

17. *"Became the next day's master";* taught and transmitted its triumphs to the next day.—C. H. H.

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in luster, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye 30
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing 40
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did

25. *"pride"*; splendid vesture.— C. H. H.

"their very labor was to them as a painting"; *i. e.* the exertion inflamed their cheeks.—C. H. H.

32. *"saw but one"*; their appearance was indistinguishable.—C. H. H.

40. *"tract"*; course.—C. H. H.

44. *"office"*; officers.—C. H. H.

Distinctly his full function.
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion 50
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;

48. *"element"* here is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge.* Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of anyone, that he is out of his *element?* From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water.—In the original, the words, "as you guess," begin this speech, instead of closing the preceding.—H. N. H.

63. Capell's reading of F. 1, *"but spider-like, Out of his selfe-drawing web, O gives us note."* Further, Capell and Rowe substituted *"self-drawn"* for *"self-drawing."*—I. G.

A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know 80
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

79, 80. *"The honorable . . . out, . . . him in the papers"*; Ff. 1, 2, read *"The Councell, out . . . him in, he papers,"* etc. Pope's explanation of these awkward lines is probably correct:—"His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers" (*i. e.* registers on the paper). Various emendations have been proposed; *e. g. "the papers"; "he paupers."*—I. G.

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

84. *"have broke their backs"; "In the interview at Andren,"* says Dr. Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs:* among the English the duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense." And in a note he adds the following from Du Bellay's account of the matter: "Plusieurs y porterent leurs moulins, leurs forests, et leurs préz sur leurs épaules." Whence Shakespeare may have borrowed the expression in the text, if indeed he *borrowed* it, does not appear. The passage might be cited as going to show that his reading in English history was not confined, as some would have us believe, to Holinshed.—H. N. H.

86. *"minister communication";* Collier MS., *"the consummation";* but the phrase is Holinshed's.—I. G.

90. *"the hideous storm";* "On Mondaie, the eighteenth of June, was such an hideous storme of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes" (Holinshed).—I. G.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your grace, 100
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honor and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, 111
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

97. *"The ambassador"; i. e.* the French ambassador at the English court. He was "commanded to keep his house [in silence] and not come in presence till he was sent for" (ib. 872; Halle, 632).—C. H. H.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha!
Where 's his examination?
First Sec. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
First Sec. Aye, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best 121
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

115. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor was his cousin, Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, grandson of Humphrey Stafford, First Duke of Buckingham.—I. G.

116. *"examination"*; deposition.—C. H. H.

120. *"This butcher's cur"*; there was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as hath been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says,—"This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor." —H. N. H.

"venom-mouth'd"; Pope's reading; Ff. read *"venom'd-mouth'd."* —I. G.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills 131
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

134. *"Self-mettle";* his own high spirits.—C. H. H.
138. *"Ipswich";* Wolsey's birthplace.—C. H. H.

Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along 150
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions—by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning cardinal

152. *"Whom from the flow of gall I name not,"* etc.; *i. e.* "whom I mention, not because I am still angry," etc.—I. G.

167. *"rinsing,"* Pope's unnecessary emendation of the Folio reading *"wrenching,"* which is evidently an error for *"renching,"* a provincial English cognate of *"rinse,"* both words being ultimately derived from the same Scandinavian original, *rinse,* through the medium of French, *rench,* a direct borrowing; (Collier MS., *"wrensing"*).—I. G.

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased; and they were ratified 170
As he cried 'Thus let be,' to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason—Charles the emperor,
Under pretense to see the queen his aunt—
For 'twas indeed his color, but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt 180
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know, 190
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry

171. *"to as much end"*; with as much useful effect.—C. H. H.
172. *"count-cardinal"*; Pope proposed, *"court-cardinal."*—I. G.
176. *"Charles the Emperor,"* viz., Charles V, Emperor of Germany; Katherine was his mother's sister.—I. G.

To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name 201
Of our most sovereign king.

197. *"Brandon."* This is perhaps meant for Sir Thomas Brandon, master of the king's horse, whom Holinshed and Halle mention as in the royal train the day before Henry's coronation (Stone, *Holinshed,* p. 430 n.).—C. H. H.

200. *"Hereford";* Capell's reading; Ff., *"Hertford."*—I. G.

201. The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "The cardinall, having taken the examination of Knevet, went unto the king, and declared unto him, that his person was in danger by such traitorous purpose as the duke of Buckingham had conceived in his heart, and shewed how that now there were manifest tokens of his wicked pretense; wherefore he exhorted the king to provide for his owne suertie with speed. The king hearing the accusation, inforced to the uttermost by the cardinall, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts. The duke hereupon was sent for up to London, and at his comming thither was streightwaies attached, and brought to the Tower. There was also attached the foresaid Chartreux monke, maister John de la Car, *alias* de la Court, the dukes confessor, and sir Gilbert Perke priest, the dukes chancellor. After the apprehension of the duke, inquisitions were taken in divers shires of England, so that he was indicted of high treason, for certeine words spoken at Blechinglie to the lord of Abergavennie; and therewith was the same lord attached for concelement, and so likewise was the lord Montacute, and both led to the Tower."—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power: 11
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love

13. *"Repeat"*; state.—C. H. H.

Not unconsider'd leave your honor nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions 20
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honor heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears;
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!

27. *"breaks the sides of loyalty";* passes the extremest verge of what loyalty permits.—C. H. H.

37. *"danger serves among them";* Warburton is full of admiration at this sudden rising of the poet "to a height truly sublime!" where

Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir, 40
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief

by the noblest stretch of fancy Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the government.—H. N. H.

43. To *"tell"* was used for to *count;* as in the phrase, "keep *tally,"* still in use.—H. N. H.

Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretense for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths: 60
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it 's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint

64. That is, *"obedience"* is *subdued,* forced to succumb, by individual will thus provoked.—H. N. H.

67. *"business";* Warburton's emendation of Ff., *"baseness."*—I. G.

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue 90
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons

Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. *Kath.* I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
King. It grieves many: 110
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, 121
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—

110. *"in"*; into.—C. H. H.

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the scepter his: these very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches 141
Beyond you to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

147. *"Henton"; i. e.* Nicholas Hopkins, "a monk of an house of the Chartreux Order beside Bristow, called Henton" (Holinshed); there is no need to emend the text.—I. G.

King. What was that Henton?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
King. How know'st thou this? 150
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he, 160
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.' 171

164. *"confession's seal"*; Theobald's emendation (following Holinshed) of Ff. *"commissions."*—I. G.

170. *"To gain"*; the reading of F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3 read *"To"*; Collier MS. reads *"To get"*; Grant White, *"To win."*—I. G.

171. *"shall govern England"*; the following from the *Chronicles*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

will serve as an instance how minutely the Poet adheres to truth in this play: "The same duke, the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie, in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Knevet esquier what was the talke amongest the Londoners concerning the kings journie beyond the seas. And the said Charles told him that manie stood in doubt of that journie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the king. Whereto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe according to the words of a certeine holie moonke. For there is, saith he, a Chartreux moonke, that diverse times hath sent to me willing me to send unto him my chancellor. And I did send unto him John de la Court my chapleine, unto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne to keep all things secret, and to tell no creature living what hee should heare of him, except it were to me. And then the said moonke told de la Court that neither the king nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indeavour myselfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and have the rule of the realme of England."—H. N. H.

175. *"I say, take heed";* the honorable part which Katharine is made to act in this scene is unwarranted by history, save that, such was the reverence inspired by her virtue and sagacity, she served generally as a check both upon the despotic temper of her husband, and the all-grasping rapacity of his minister; as appears by the king's becoming such an inexpressible compound of cruelty, meanness, and lust, when her influence was withdrawn. The matter to which she here alludes is thus narrated by Holinshed: "It chanced that the duke, comming to London to attend the king into France, went before into Kent unto a manor place which he had there. And whilest he staied in that countrie till the king set forward, greevous complaints were exhibited to him by his farmars and tenants against Charles Knevet his surveiour, for such bribing as he had used there

King. Let him on.
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd 'Tush,
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer,—
King. I remember 190
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

amongest them. Whereupon the duke tooke such displeasure against him, that he deprived him of his office, not knowing how that in so dooing he procured his owne destruction, as after appeared."—H. N. H.

179. *"for him"*; Capell's emendation of *"For this"* of the Ff.; Collier MS. reads *"From this,"* etc.—I. G.

190. *"Bulmer"*; Ff. read *"Blumer"*; Pope, *"Blomer."*—I. G.

Surv. 'If' quoth he 'I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, 200
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

199. *"would have put his knife into him"*; it will have been observed that the business of this scene is carried with somewhat the precision of legal proceedings. The matter was derived originally from Hall who was himself a lawyer, was of a manly age at the time, and had access to the official records of the trial. Here, as in many other places, Holinshed copied Hall so closely as to leave it uncertain from which of them the Poet drew. The following passage will further illustrate the point of the preceding note: "The same duke, on the fourth of November, in the eleventh yere of the kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said unto one Charles Knevet esquier, after that the king had reprooved the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight in his service, that if he had perceived that he should have been committed to the Tower, hee would have so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not have had cause of great rejoising. For he would have plaied the part which his father intended to have put in practise against king Richard the third at Salisburie, who made earenest sute to have come unto the presence of the same king Richard; which sute if he might have obteined, he, having a knife secretlie about him, would have thrust it into the bodie of king Richard, as he had made semblance to kneele downe before him. And in speaking these words he maliciouslie laid his hand upon his dagger, and said that if he were so evill used, he would doo his best to accomplish his purpose, swearing, to confirme his word, by the bloud of our Lord."—See *King Richard III,* Act V. sc. i.—H. N. H.

Surv. After 'the duke his father,' with the 'knife,'
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
King. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 210
Call him to present trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night!
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,

1. *"Enter Lord Chamberlain,"* etc.; Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, earl of Worcester, was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the earl of Worcester as chamberlain.—H. N. H.

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counselors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

Cham. I 'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs

10. *"keep state so"*; affect such inordinate pomposity.—C. H. H.
13. *"Or springhalt"*; Verplank's (Collier conj.) emendation of Ff., *"A springhalt"*; Pope, *"And springhalt."*—I. G.
15. *"worn out"*; outlasted.—C. H. H.

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean 29
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Aye, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow. 41

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now

30. *"The faith they have in tennis"*; the game was peculiarly in vogue among the French.—C. H. H.

34. *"wear"*; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads *"wee"*; Anon. conj. *"oui."*—I. G.

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's: 50
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: 60
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;

45. *"plain-song"*; simple melody, without variations.—C. H. H.
55. *"churchman"*; ecclesiastic.—C. H. H.
59. *"has wherewithal"*; Ff., *"ha's,"* probably an error for *"'has,"* *i. e.* "(*he*) *has.*"—I. G.

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A ball in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

63. *"My barge stays"*; the speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell,* from whence he is proceeding by water to York-Place.—H. N. H.

67. *"comptrollers"*; *i. e.* of the entertainment.—C. H. H.

6. *"As, first, good company"*; so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4 reads *"As, first good company"*; Theobald, *"as, first-good company"*; Halliwell, *"as far as good company,"* etc.—I. G.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord, you 're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal 10
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze; 21
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord. 30
So, now you 're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You 're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My Lord Sands, 40
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbors.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.*
Wol. What 's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice, 50
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you 're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. 60
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.*

45. *"gamester"*; frolicsome fellow. Sands plays on the word.—C. H. H.

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

64. *"A noble company"*; the account of this banquet at York-Place was copied by Holinshed from *The Life of Master Thomas Wolsey* by Cavendish, in his *Gentleman-Usher*. The following will instance how little the Poet was here beholden to his invention: "The king came suddenlie thither in a maske with a dozen other maskers, all in garments like sheepheards, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson sattin paned, and caps of the same, with visards of good physnomie, their haires and beards either of fine gold-wire silke or blacke silke. He came by water to the water-gate without anie noise, where were laid diverse chambers charged, and at his landing they were shot off, which made such a rumble in the aire, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should meane, comming so suddenlie, they sitting quiet at a solemne banket. Then immediatelie the chamberlaine and comptroller were sent to looke what it should meane, as though they knew nothing of the matter; who looking out of the windowes into the Thames, returned and shewed him, that it seemed they were noblemen and strangers that arrived at his bridge, comming as ambassadours from some forren prince. With that quoth the cardinall, I desire you, because you can speake French, to go into the hall, there to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us and all these noble personages being merrie at our banket, desiring them to sit downe with us and take part of our fare. At their entering into the chamber two and two togither, they went directlie before the cardinall, and saluted him reverentlie. To whome the lord chamberlaine for them said,—Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and cannot speake English, they have desired me to declare unto you, that they, having understanding of this banket, where was assembled such a number of excellent dames, could do no lesse under support of your grace, but to repaire hither, to view as well their incomparable beautie, as to accompanie them at mum-chance, and then to danse with them."—H. N. H.

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct 70
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

75. *"The fairest hand I ever touched";* this incident of the king's dancing with Anne Boleyn did not occur during the banquet at York-House, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion. Which occasion was a grand entertainment given by the king at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a marriage between their king, Francis I, or his son, the duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and three hundred lances broken; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the king, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the king having Anne Boleyn for his partner. As Holinshed says nothing about this matter, the Poet probably derived it from Hall or Cavendish, who give detailed accounts of it. The latter thus describes the impression made by the queen and her ladies: "They seemed to all men to be rather celestial angels descended from heaven than flesh and bone. Surely, to me, simple soul, it was inestimable."—H. N. H.

KING HENRY VIII. WOOING ANNE BULLEN.

King Henry VIII. Act 1, Scene 4.

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Whispers the Masquers.*

Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I 'll make
My royal choice.
King. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My lord chamberlain, 90
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady 's that?
Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

79. *"this place"; i. e.* the seat of honor.—C. H. H.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let 's be merry,

96. *"And not to kiss you";* a kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie:*

> "But some reply, what foole would daunce,
> If that when daunce is doon
> He may not have at ladyes lips
> That which in daunce he woon."—H. N. H.

102. *"in the next chamber";* according to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honor, said "that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where a great fire was made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the tables spread with new and sweet perfumed cloths. —Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but set still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose were served two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting."—H. N. H.

Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favor. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Westminster. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gent. I 'll save you
That labor, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
Sec. Gent. Were you there?
First Gent. Yes, indeed was I.
Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
First Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?
First. Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.
Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it? 10
First Gent. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk, 21
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear 31
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not;

29. *"was either pitied in him or forgotten"; i. e.* "either produced no effect, or only ineffectual pity" (Malone).—I. G.

He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely, 40
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

44. *"Lest he should help his father"*; this was in April, 1520, and was immediately occasioned by the duke's opposition to Wolsey's projected meeting of Henry and Francis. Holinshed's account of it is so illustrative of Wolsey's character, that it may well be given: "The duke could not abide the cardinall, and had of late conceived an inward malice against him for sir William Bulmer's cause. Now such greevous words as the duke uttered came to the cardinals eare; whereupon he cast all waies possible to have him in a trip, that he might cause him to leape headlesse. But bicause he doubted his freends, kinnesmen, and allies, and cheeflie the earle of Surrie lord admerall, which had married the dukes daughter, he thought good first to send him some whither out of the waie. There was great enmitie betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland. For the cardinall, knowing he was well provided with monie, sought occasion to fleece him of part thereof. The earle, being unmarried, was desirous to have an English woman to wife; and for that he was a suter to a widow contrarie to the cardinals mind, he accused him to the king, that he had not borne himselfe uprightlie in his office in Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived."—H. N. H.

45. *"envious"*; malicious.—C. H. H.

And generally, whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, 50
Wish him ten fathoms deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

Sec. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premisses but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:

54. *"Sir William Sands"*; Theobald's emendation (from Holinshed) of F. 1, *"Sir Walter Sands"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Walter Sands."*—I. G.

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me 71
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart 80
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offenses
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him

74. *"only"*; alone.—C. H. H.
76. *"the long divorce of steel"*; the body-and-soul-divorcing axe. ("Divorce" is, as often, concrete = instrument of divorce.)—C. H. H.
86. *"mark"*; Warburton's emendation of Ff., *"make."*—I. G.

You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

99. *"furniture";* equipment. Holinshed speaks of "cushions and carpet" on which Lovell desired the duke to sit down."—C. H. H.

103. *"now poor Edward Bohun";* the name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford;* it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun,* because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.—H. N. H.

105. *"I now seal it," i. e.* my truth,—with blood.—I. G.

Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him! 111
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honors, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father: 120
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 141
Greater than this.

First. Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident;

136. *"Exeunt Duke";* Buckingham was executed May 17, 1521. The duke of Norfolk presided at his trial, and passed sentence upon him. After relating which, Holinshed adds the following: "The duke of Buckingham said,—'My lord of Norffolke, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never anie. But, my lords, I nothing maligne you for that yau have doone to me; but the eternall God forgive you my death, as I doo! I shall never sue to the king for life; howbeit, he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellowes to pray for me.' Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpets ordeined for him. He said,—'Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohune, the most caitife of the world.' Thus they landed at the Temple, and led him through the citie, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whom some wept and lamented."—H. N. H,

143. *"faith";* good faith, secrecy.—C. H. H.

You shall, sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; 160
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First. Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

168. *"argue"*; discuss.—C. H. H.

Scene II

An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.' 10
I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

6. *"by commission and main power"*; in virtue of a warrant and by means of main force.—C. H. H.

12. [*"Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk"*]; Charles Brandon, the present duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the king, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France. He had been her lover before her first marriage; and when the king would have contracted her a second time to a foreign prince, she told him plainly that she had married once to please him, and would do it now to please herself, or else take religious vows in a convent. Suffolk was reckoned among the most able and accomplished noblemen of his time, both in the cabinet and the field.—H. N. H.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, 21
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he 'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king, 30
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

21. *"That blind priest,"* etc.; Wolsey is Fortune's favorite, and like Fortune herself disposes blindly of human affairs.—C. H. H.

About his neck, yet never lost her luster,
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with, even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end, 41
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, 50
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

41. It was the main *"end"* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the duchess of Alençon.—H. N. H.

Nor. Let 's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides, 60
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain,

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
King. Who 's there, ha?
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
King. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offenses
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.
King. Ye are too bold:

62. [*"Exit Lord Chamberlain"*]; the stage direction in the old copy is singular—"Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively."—This was calculated for the state of the theater in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered drew back just at the proper time.—H. N. H.

Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*]
You 're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference. 80

King. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,
I 'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.
[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

85. *"one have-at-him"*; F. 1, *"one; haue at him"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"one heave at him"*; Knight, *"one;—have at him."*—I. G.

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks, 92
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves: 100
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her 110

94. *"Have their free voices," i. e.* "have liberty to express their opinions freely"; (Grant White, *"Gave" for "Have"*).—I. G.

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Aye, and the best she shall have; and my favor
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy and favor to you:
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. 120

King. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me:

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! 130
That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. 140
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

130. *"ran mad and died";* "Aboute this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentymes not much necessarie, by the Cardinalles appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes" (Holinshed).—H. N. H.

Scene III

An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.

14. *"that quarrel, fortune, do"*; F. 1 reads *"that quarrell. Fortune, do"*; Collier MS., *"that cruel fortune do"*; Keightley, *"that quarrel, by fortune, do"*; Lettsom conj. *"that fortunes quarrel do"*; Hanmer, *"that quarr'ler, fortune do,"* etc.—I. G.

17. *"stranger"*; alien.—C. H. H.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts— 30
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little; 40
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know 50
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

46. *"little England"*; Steevens pointed out that Pembrokeshire was known as *"little England"*; and as Anne Bullen was about to be made Marchioness of Pembroke, there may be a special point in the phrase.—I. G.

48. *"Carnarvonshire"*; as a mountainous and barren country of little value (an antithesis to the fertilizing "mud in Egypt" below, v. 92, as well as, probably, to the cultivated "little England" above).—C. H. H.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and 61
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience, 71
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honor in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem

78. *"may proceed a gem"*; the carbuncle was supposed by our an-

To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.
Anne. My honor'd lord. 80
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,

cestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule,* 1619: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchafed two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."—H. N. H.

84. *"Come pat betwixt too early and too late for any suit";* hit the right moment for presenting any petition.—C. H. H.

92. *"the mud in Egypt," i. e.* "the land fertilized by the Nile's overflow."—I. G.

That promises mo thousands: honor's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were

Anne. Good lady, 100
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small dis-

["*Canterbury*"]; at this time, June 21, 1529, the archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March.—The whole of this long stage-direction is taken *verbatim* from the original copy, and in most of its particulars was according to the actual event.—The "two priests bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance; the one being symbolic of his office as archbishop of York, the other of his authority as cardinal legate.—H. N. H.

tance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 11
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her*

chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. *Kath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure, 20
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

[*"The Queen,"* etc.]; "Because she could come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet" (Cavendish).—H. N. H.

TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

Cath. "Heaven witness,
I've een to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;"

King Henry VIII. Act 2, Scene 4.

With many children by you: if in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty, 40
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60

41. *"Aught"* is understood before "Against your sacred person."—H. N. H.

48. *"one the wisest"*; one of the wisest (an obsolescent partitive construction). Holinshed has the more current form, "one of the wittiest princes."—C. H. H.

To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,

62. *"That longer you desire the court,"* *i. e.* desire the court to delay its proceedings; F. 4, *"defer"*; Keightley conj. *"court delay'd"*; —I. G.

69. *"To you I speak"*; the acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt and pregnant commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine; but perhaps the thing savors overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. It is thus described by Mr. Terry: "Vexed to the uttermost by the artifices with which her ruin is prosecuted, and touched with indignation at the meanness and injustice of the proceeding, she interrupts Campeius, with the intention of accusing Wolsey, and of refusing him for her judge. Campeius, who had been urging immediate trial, imagines it addressed to him, and comes forward as if to answer. Here Mrs. Siddons exhibited one of those unequalled pieces of acting, by which she assists the barrenness of the text, and fills up the meaning of the scene. Those who have seen it will never forget it; but to those who have not, we feel it impossible to describe the majestic self-correction of the petulance and vexation which, in her perturbed state of mind, she feels at the misapprehension of Campeius, and the intelligent expression of countenance and gracious dignity of gesture, with which she intimates to him his mistake. And no language can convey a picture of her immediate reassumption of the fulness of majesty, when she turns round to Wolsey, and exclaims,—'To *you* I speak!' Her form seemed to expand, and her eyes to burn beyond human."—H. N. H.

I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. *Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again, 80
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 90
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:

The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, if I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. *Kath.* My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart 109
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
You tender more your person's honor than

104. *"unthink your speaking"*; cancel in thought what you have said.—C. H. H.

Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120
And to be judged by him.
[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on: 130
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[*Exeunt Queen, and her attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 139
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,

The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might 150
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excused: 161
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honor,

144. *"require"*; entreat.—C. H. H.

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed to 't:
My conscience first received a tenderness, 170
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate, 179
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

166. *"I speak my good lord cardinal"*; the king, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honor to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question.—H. N. H.

172. *"The Bishop of Bayonne"*; strictly it should be "the Bishop of Tarbes," but the mistake was Holinshed's.—I. G.

174. *"The Duke of Orleans,"* was the second son of Francis I, King of France.—I. G.

182. *"the bosom of my conscience"*; Holinshed's use of *"secret bottom of my conscience"* justified Theobald's emendation of *"bosom"* to *"bottom."*—I. G.

The region of my breast; which forced such way
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male-child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than 190
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,

199. *"throe"*; Pope's emendation of Ff., *"throw."*—I. G.
204. *"yet not," i. e.* not yet.—I. G.
209. *"moved you"*; broached the matter to you.—C. H. H.

When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say 210
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,

213. *"Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,"* etc.; involving momentous issues and formidable consequences.—C. H. H.

214. *"committed the daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,"* etc.; instead of directly advising on the queen's case, Lincoln only advised further counsel. This is more clearly put by Holinshed, where the king says, addressing him: "for so much as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords" (iii. 907).—C. H. H.

225. *"drive";* Pope's emendation of Ff., *"drives."*—I. G.

Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness 231
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

239. *"Prithee, return";* the king, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

London. The Queen's apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. *Kath.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea, 10
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,

8. *"had made a lasting spring";* so in all the old copies. In modern editions generally, *been* has strangely crept into the place of *made,* to the great marring, well nigh to the utter spoiling, in fact, of both sense and poetry. Doubtless the change occurred by mistake; it is too bad to have come otherwise.—In the preceding line, *as* is of course used for *as if,* or *as though.*—H. N. H.

Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor? 20
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.

23. *"hoods make not monks"*; being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb—*Cucullus non facit monachum,* to which Chaucer also alludes:

> *"Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;*
> But a clene life and devotion,
> Maketh gode men of religion."—H. N. H.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, 30
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina 40 serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;

31. *"Deserves a corner"; i. e.* to be told secretly.—C. H. H.

38. *"and that way I am wife in"; i. e.* "concerning my conduct as a wife." (Rowe proposed *"wise"* for *"wife."*)—I. G.

40. *"Tanta est erga te mentis integritas regina serenissima";* "So great is our integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene princess." —I. G.

Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow—
You have too much, good lady—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honor'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,
More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! 80

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honor better and your cause;

86. "Though he (the Englishman) be grown so reckless as to be honest."—C. H. H.

87. *"And live a subject"; i. e.* and dare to live where Henry has sway.—C. H. H.

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once 110
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

102. *"The more shame ye"; i. e.* if I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine, for I thought you good.—H. N. H.

Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him? 130
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title 140

134. *"a constant woman"*; a woman constant (to . . .).—C. H. H.
137. *"add an honor"*; I will show a merit in addition to all hers.—C. H. H.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily, 151
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You 'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, aye, utterly 160

145. *"angels' faces";* perhaps an allusion to Gregory's "non Angli sed angeli" (Dyce).—C. H. H.

159. *"For goodness' sake";* in Shakespeare's time this was a solemn adjuration "for God's sake."—C. H. H.

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. *Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty: 179
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,

164. *"as terrible as storms";* it was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, "There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince."—H. N. H.

That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Ante-chamber to the King's apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least 10
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot

8. *"the duke"; i. e.* Buckingham.—C. H. H.
10. *"uncontemned";* of course, the force of *not* implied in *uncontemn'd* extends over *strangely neglected.*—H. N. H.

Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found 20
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read 31
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do' quoth he 'perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already 41
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men 's!

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature and complete 49
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose

42. *"the king already hath married"*; the date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the king having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533, and that the former date was assigned in order to afford the proper space between their marriage and the birth of Elizabeth, which latter event took place the 7th of September following. The marriage was to have been kept secret till May; but the manifest making-ready of Anne to become a mother forced on a public acknowledgment of it early in April.—H. N. H.

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

64. *"He is returned in his opinions," i. e.* having sent in advance the opinions he has gathered.—I. G.

66. *"Together with all famous colleges"*; Rowe reads, *"Gather'd from all the famous colleges."*—I. G.

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! 90
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords, 110
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,

Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning 120
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

128. *"outspeaks possession of a subject"*; this incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. It is quite likely, however, that his vast wealth had the effect of tempting the king's rapacity; his huge overgrowth thus helping on his overthrow. So that the Poet was very judicious in making his fall turn upon a mistake which in his hands had proved so fatal to another. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham; who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the king's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the king sent Wolsey to get the book, and the bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went foorthwith to the king, delivered it into his hands, and breefelie informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortlie ended his life in the yeare 1523. After whose death the cardinall, which had long gaped after the bishoprike, had now his wish in effect; which he the more easilie compassed, for that he had his nets alwaies readie cast, as assuring himself to take a trout."—H. N. H.

Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think 130
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well 151
With my well saying!
King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean? 160
Sur. [*Aside*] The Lord increase this business!
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors: my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and

172. *"been mine so"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4 read *"been so."*—I. G.

The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is 180
Therein illustrated: the honor of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess 190
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—

181. *"the honor of it does pay the act of it"*; the honor attaching to such loyalty sufficiently rewards it.—C. H. H.

189. *"in love's particular"*; besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor.—H. N. H.

192. *"that am, have, and will be,"* etc.; the reading of the Folios of these lines, which have taxed the ingenuity of scholars; some two-dozen various emendations are recorded in the Cambridge Shakespeare, but probably the text as we have it represents the author's words; the meaning of the passage is clear, and the difficulty is due to the change in construction. Instead of *"that am, have, and will be,"* it has been proposed to read, *"that am your slave, and*

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*] Read o'er this;
And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: 'tis the account 210

will be"; this would get rid of the awkward *"have"*="have been," but probably the line is correct as it stands.—I. G.

210. *" 'tis the account,"* etc. Holinshed records that an inadvertence of this kind was committed by the Bishop of Durham in 1523, which

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this? 'To the Pope!' 220
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230

Wolsey used to procure his disgrace. Shakespeare, not without poetic justice, makes him here play his victim's part.—C. H. H.
214. *"cross"*; thwarting.—C. H. H.

To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—
I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then. 251
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surry durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland; 260
Far from his succor, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honor, 271
That in the way of loyalty and truth

264. *"absolved him,"* etc.; we have already seen that the Poet continues the same persons duke of Norfolk and earl of Surrey through the play. Here the earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1521, was earl, became duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former, born in 1520; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547 by that brutal and merciless tyrant, from whose mean and malignant jealousy there was no refuge for man or woman but the grave.—H. N. H.

272. *"that . . . dare mate"; i. e.* I that . . . dare mate.—I. G.

Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state 290
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I 'll startle you

282. *"And dare us with his cap like larks"*; "One of the methods of daring larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them" (Steevens).—I. G.

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer 300
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power 310
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then that in all your writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus'
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king

300. *"fairer and spotless"*; the *more,* virtually implied in *fairer,* extends its force over *spotless;* "so much *more fair* and spotless."—H. N. H.

314. *"the king to be your servant"*; these several charges are taken

To be your servant.

Suf. Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission 320
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing

almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus,* I and my king; as who would saie that the king were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records by Lord Herbert, and lately reprinted in the *State-Trials,* was not that he set himself above or before the king, but that he spoke of himself along with him: "Also, the said lord cardinal, in divers and many of his letters and instructions sent out of this realm, had joined himself with your grace, as in saying and writing,—*The king and I would ye should do thus;—The king and I give you our hearty thanks:* whereby it is apparent that he used himself more like a fellow to your highness, than like a subject."—H. N. H.

321. *"Cassado";* so Ff., following Hall and Holinshed; Rowe reads the correct form, *"Cassalis."*—I. G.

325. *"stamped on the king's coin";* this was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.—H. N. H.

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; 330
Which, since they are of you and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire— 340
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. 350
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,

343. *"Chattels"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *"Castles."*—I. G.

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory, 360
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, 371
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, 380
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

392. *"displeasure"*; disgrace.—C. H. H.

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, 400
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, 410
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

399. *"a tomb of orphans' tears"*; the chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. *"A tomb of tears,"* says Johnson, "is very harsh." Steevens has adduced an *Epigram of Martial,* in which the Heliades are said to "weep a tomb of tears" over a viper. Drummond, in his *Teares for the Death of Moeliades,* has the same conceit:

> "The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
> *A crystal tomb* to him, through which his worth appears."
> —H. N. H.

408. *"gone beyond me"*; overreached me.—C. H. H.

411. *"the noble troops that waited"*; the number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred.* Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.—H. N. H.

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide 420
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,

430. *"truth"*; fidelity.—C. H. H.

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me. 439
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And prithee, lead me in: 450
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell.
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

455. *"Had I but served my God,"* etc. Holinshed reports these words as addressed by Wolsey in his last hours to "Master Kingston." —C. H. H.

Wol. ". . O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

King Henry VIII. Act 3, Scene 2.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You 're well met once again.
Sec. Gent. So are you.
First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?
Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows, 10
Pageants and sights of honor.
First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.
Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady!
[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* *Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

36. *"Garter, in his coat of arms"*; that is, his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.—H. N. H.

10. *Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know:
Who 's that that bears the scepter?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First. Gent. Yes.
Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honor over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

First Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit procession; and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it? 60
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose 71
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say 'This is my wife' there, all were woven 80
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems 89
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music in the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted,

92. *"together sung 'Te Deum'"*; thus in Holinshed's description of the event: "When she was brought to the high place made in the middest of the church, she was set in a rich chaire. And after she had rested a while, she descended downe to the high altar, and there prostrate hirselfe, while the archbishop said certeine collects: then she rose, and the bishop anointed hir on the head and on the brest; and then she was led up again, where, after diverse orisons said, the archbishop set the crowne of saint Edward on hir head, and then delivered hir the scepter of gold in hir right hand, and the rod of ivorie with the dove in hir left hand, and then all the queere soong *Te Deum.*" The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the di-

And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester, 101
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master 110

vorcement of Katharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.—H. N. H.

101. *"the one"*; viz. Gardiner.—C. H. H.

O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.
Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith, her Gentleman Usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

6. *"Cardinal Wolsey, was dead";* Wolsey died November 29, 1530; and the events of this scene did not occur till January, 1536, which was more than two years after the event that closes the play. This transposition is amply justified, in that the design of the play required it to end with the birth and christening of Elizabeth: whil-

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, 10
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honorably received him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father abbot, 20
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness

the solemn pathos lingering about the injured Katharine equally required that the last scene of her life should be set forth in all the beauty that belongs to that model of a woman and a queen. The present scene is, in strictness, episodical; but what an episode! Even so what we chance upon in the race of life, is often worth more than the object for which we are running.—H. N. H.

14. *"to his answer"*; to stand trial.—C. H. H.

16. *"sit his mule"*; Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."—H. N. H.

17. *"roads,"* or *rodes*, here, is the same as *courses, stages,* or *journeys.*—H. N. H.

Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again, 29
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: 40
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness

44. *"The clergy ill example";* this speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied by Holinshed from Hall: "This cardinall was of a great *stomach,* for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."—H. N. H.

To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; 51
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

47. *"hear me speak his good."* Griffith's defense of Wolsey is based upon the character of him in Edmund Campian's *History of Ireland,* as quoted by Holinshed. The queen's indictment of him expresses the view conveyed by Halle, also quoted in Holinshed.—C. H. H.

58–59. *"Those twins of learning. . . . Ipswich and Oxford";* Wolsey's College, Ipswich, of which the gateway still remains, was founded by Wolsey. Christ Church College, Oxford, was founded by Wolsey: it was first called Cardinal College.—I. G.

60. *"the good that did it";* Pope reads, *"the good he did it";* Collier MS., *"the good man did it";* Staunton, *"the good that rear'd it,"* etc. The words, if not corrupt, must mean the "good man (or the goodness) that caused it, *i. e.* founded it."—I. G.

And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honors to his age
That man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions, 70
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

68. *"died fearing God"*; this speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: "This cardinall (as Edmund Campian in his *Historie of Ireland* described him) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and injoied at once the bishoprickes of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinall, legat, and chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albans, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices *in commendam.* A great preferrer of his servants, and advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed." —H. N. H.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness, 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An 't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow: 100
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behavior: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,

103. *"go to, kneel"*; Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.—H. N. H.

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late; 120
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to Katharine.*
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam. 130
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A rich good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by: 151
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

146. *"let him be a noble"*; even if he should be.—H. N. H.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honor: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter? 10
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offense belongs to 't, give your friend

3. *"not for delights"*; Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.—H. N. H.

Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labor,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labor end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you 're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master

34. *"is"*; Theobald, *"he's."*—I. G.

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured 40
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board 51
He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;

My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play. 60
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury? 81
Den. Aye, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]
Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All 's not well.
King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty 90
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,

106. "*you a brother of us,*" *i. e.* being a Privy Councillor.—I. G.

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries 130
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into 141
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see

You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring 150
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He 's honest, on mine honor. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

156. *"strangled his language in his tears";* this is taken almost literally from Fox, who makes the king speak to the archbishop as follows: "'Doe not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how manie great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witnesse against you? Think you to have better lucke that wai than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you, for I have otherwise devised with myselfe to keepe you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding, to morrow, when the councell shall sit and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourselfe as good perswasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring, and say unto them, *if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kings owne person, by this his token unto you all:* for, so soon as they shall see this my ring, they shall under-

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I 'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person 160
Under their blessed wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, aye, and of a boy.
Old L. Aye, aye, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovell!
Lov. Sir? 169
King. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen. [*Exit.*
Old. L. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

stand that I have resumed the whole cause into mine owne hands.' The archbishop, perceiving the kings benignitie so much to himwards, had much ado to forbeare teares. 'Well,' said the king, 'go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' "—H. N. H.

167. *"and to be"; i. e.* and you to be.—C. H. H.

Scene II

Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?

Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts, 10
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honor: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-councilor,
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight—
King. What 's that, Butts? 20
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honor they do one another?
'Tis well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,

18. [*"at a window above"*]; the suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, etc. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes:* "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, *at a window opening thereinto.*"—H. N. H.

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favor 30
To dance attendance on their lordship's pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The council-chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

34. *"draw the curtain";* that is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the king now is. The matter of this passage is thus given by Fox: "On the morrow, about nine of the clock before noone, the councell sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the councell chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose, as it seemed, was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackies, and serving men al alone. Doctor Buts, the kings physician, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the kings highnesse and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted: for now he is become a lackey or a serving man; for yonder he standeth this half hower at the councell chamber doore amongst them.' 'It is not so,' quoth the king, 'I trowe; nor the councell hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone,' sayd the king, 'and we shall heare more soone.'"—H. N. H.

Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honors,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men, 10
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

11–12. *"frail and capable of our flesh"*; Keightley, *"culpable and frail,"* etc.; Pope, *"and capable Of frailty"*; Malone, *"incapable; Of our flesh"*; Mason conj. *"and culpable: Of our flesh,"* etc —I. G.

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, 20
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honor, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbors,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment

22. *"pace 'em not in their hands"; i. e.* "leading them by the bridle."—I. G.

30. *"The Upper Germany";* alluding to Thomas Munzer's insurrection in Saxony (1521–1522), or to the Anabaptist rising in Munster (1535); the passage is from Foxe.—I. G.

Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councilor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end; 61
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

59. *"pass"*; prevail.—C. H. H.
66. *"Lay," i. e.* "though ye lay."—I. G.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; 70
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favor, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honor mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favorer 80
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

85. *"This is too much";* the Folios give the speech to the Chamberlain, evidently due to confusion of *"Cham."* and *"Chan."*—I. G.

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords? 91

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,

102. *"This is the king's ring"*; it seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offenses committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.—H. N. H.

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church

113. *"now have at you";* so in Fox: "Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaille chamber, to whome was alledged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no maner of perswasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the kings ring, revoking his cause into the kings hands. The whole councell being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his wordes with a solemn othe, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I tolde you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king will suffer this mans finger to ake? Much more, I warrant you, will hee defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to heare tales and fables against him.' And so, incontinently upon the receipt of the kings token, they all rose, and caryed the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands."—H. N. H.

The chief aim of his honor; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offenses.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I 'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest 130
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

125. *"bare"*; Malone's emendation of Ff., *"base."*—I. G.

133. *"becomes thee not"*; the original here reads,—"Think *his* place becomes thee not," which is commonly retained in modern editions. Congruity of sense carries the mind at once to the seat Cranmer has just taken, as the place meant. And Mr. Dyce has shown, what is familiar enough to experienced proof-readers, that the misprint of *his* for *this* is one of the commonest.—We must quote again from Fox's narrative: "When they were all come to the kings presence, his highnes with a severe countenance said unto them, 'Ah, my lords, I thought I had wiser men of my councell than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to waite at the councell chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as wel as you, and you had no such commission of me as to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a councellor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have

Sur. May it please your grace,—
King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of your deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy 139
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councilor to try him,
Not as a groom: there 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed

tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject, by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be above all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome wee are much beholding;' giving him great commendations otherwise. And with that one or two of the chiefest, making their excuse, declared that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his triall and purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords,' quoth the king, 'take him and use him well, as he is worthy to be, and make no more adoe.' And with that every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather altogethers which might easily be done with that man."—H. N. H.

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury, 160
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honor: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please 170 you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

165. *"You 'ld spare your spoons," i. e.* "you wish to save your spoons"; alluding to the old custom of giving spoons as christening presents.—I. G.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.
King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian. 180
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.
[*Within*] 'Good master porter, I belong to the larder.'
Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? 10 do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Powle's as stir 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot— 20
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.
Port. You did nothing, sir.
Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] 'Do you hear, master porter?'
Port. I shall be with you presently, good master 30
puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.
Man. What would you have me do?
Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster
in? or have we some strange Indian with the

28. *"And that I would not for a cow, God save her!"* a proverbial expression still used in the South of England.—I. G.

35. *"some strange Indian."* Five American Indians came to London in 1611. Nearly at the same time Shakespeare, in *The Tempest,* II. ii., speaks of the popular curiosity excited even by "a dead Indian."—C. H. H.

great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together. 40

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope 'o the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor 50 60

51. *"a haberdasher's wife of small wit"*; probably with a play on the phrase "haberdasher of small wit," *i. e.* dealer in trifling jests.—C. H. H.

in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear 70 brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows!
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have 80
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honor,

69, 70. *"The tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse."* There is no evidence for finding in these words the names of Puritan congregations, as commentators have supposed; the alternative phrases are sufficiently expressive without any such supposition, and were perhaps coined for the occasion; they are not found elsewhere.—I. G.

79. *"made a fine hand"*; played a pretty game.—C. H. H.

We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule' em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye 're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; 90
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls

87. *"lay by the heels"*; put in the stocks.—C. H. H.
1. *"Standing-bowls"* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.—H. N. H.

for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the
high and mighty princess of England, Eliz-
abeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and
the good queen.
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. 10
[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect
thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prod-
igal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

KING HENRY VIII.

Painting by Hans Holbein—Windsor Castle.

King Henry VIII.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises 19
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, 29
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

27. *"piece"*; creation,—"mighty" in virtue of her destiny.—C. H. H.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix, 41
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one—
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness—
Who from the sacred ashes of her honor
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name 52
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 59
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,

41. *"maiden"; i. e.* mateless.—C. H. H.

53. *"new nations";* on a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor.* In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.—H. N. H.

61. *"yet a virgin";* we here follow a suggestion of Mr. Dyce, in so pointing the passage as to make Cranmer express regret at his

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. 69
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have received much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

foreknowledge that Elizabeth was to die *childless,* not that she was to *die;* which latter is the meaning given by the usual pointing, thus:

> "'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
> She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
> A most unspotted lily shall she pass," &c.—H. N. H.

71. *"And your good brethren"; Thirlby's conjecture, adopted by Theobald; Ff. read "and you good brethren."*—I. G.

76. *"has"; i. e.* he has; Ff., *"'Has."*—I. G.

THE EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They 'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry 'That 's witty!'
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abergavenny, (*vide* Note); I. i. 211.

Abhor, protest strongly against; (according to Blackstone, a technical term of the canon law = Latin *detestor,* but Holinshed has *"Abhor, refuse, and forsake"*); II. iv. 81.

Aboded, foreboded; I. i. 93.

Admit, permit, allow; IV. ii. 107.

Advertise, inform; II. iv. 178.

Advised; "be a.", be careful, reflect; I. i. 139.

After, afterwards; III. ii. 202.

Alike; "things known a.", *i. e.* equally to you as to the others; I. ii. 45.

Allay, subdue, silence; II. i. 152.

Allegiant, loyal; III. ii. 176.

Allow'd, approved; I. ii. 83.

An, if; III. ii. 375.

Anon, presently; I. ii. 107.

A-pieces, in pieces; V. iv. 84.

Appliance, application, cure; I. i. 124.

Approve, confirm; (Collier MS., *"improve"*); II. iii. 74.

Arrogancy, arrogance; (F. 1, *"Arrogancie"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Arrogance"*); II. iv. 110.

As, as if; I. i. 10.

Asher-house; Asher was the old spelling of Esher, a place near Hampton Court; III. ii. 231.

At, with; V. i. 131.

Attach, arrest; I. i. 217.

——, seized; I. i. 95.

Attainder, disgrace; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Attendure"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Attaindure"*); II. i. 41.

Avaunt; "give her the a.", bid her begone; II. iii. 10.

Avoid, quit, leave; V. i. 86.

Baiting, drinking heavily; V. iv. 89.

Banquet, dessert; "running b.", *i e.* hasty refreshment; used figuratively; I. iv. 12.

Bar, prevent; III. ii. 17.

Beholding, beholden; I. iv. 41.

Beneficial, beneficent; "beneficial sun," *i. e.* the King; I. i. 56.

Beshrew me, a mild asseveration; II. iii. 24.

Beside, besides; Prol. 19.

Bevis, alluding to the old legend of the Saxon hero Bevis, whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Southampton; he was credited with performing incredible deeds of valor; he conquered the giant Ascapar; I. i. 38.

Bevy, company of ladies; (originally a flock of birds, especially quails); I. iv. 4.

Blister'd, slashed, puffed; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"blistred"*; F. 4, *"bolstred"*); I. iii. 31.

Blow us, blow us up; V. iv. 51.

Bombards, large leathern vessels to carry liquors; V. iv. 89.

Book, learning; (Collier MS., *"b r o o d"*; Lettsom conj. *"brat"*); I. i. 122.

Bootless, useless; II. iv. 61.

Bores, undermines, over-reaches; (Becket conj. *"bords"*); I. i. 128.

Bosom up, inclose in your heart; I. i. 112.

Bow'd; "a three-pence b." *i. e.* bent; perhaps alluding to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin; or merely equivalent to a "worthless coin"; II. iii. 36.

Brake, thicket; I. ii. 75.

Brazier, used quibblingly in double sense of (i.) a worker in brass, (ii.) a portable fireplace; V. iv. 44.

Broken with, broached the subject to; V. i. 47.

Broomstaff, broomstaff's length; V. iv. 61.

Buzzing, whisper; II. i. 148.

By day and night! an exclamation; an oath; I. ii. 213.

Camlet, a light woolen stuff originally made of camel's hair; (Ff., *"Chamblet"*); V. iv. 97.

Capable of; susceptible to the temptations of; V. iii. 11.

Cardinal, (dissyllabic; F. 1, *"Cardinall"*); II. ii. 97.

Carried, carried out; managed; I. i. 100.

Caution, warning; II. iv. 186.

Censure, judgment; I. i. 33.

Certain, certainly; II. iv. 71.

Certes, certainly; I. i. 48.

Chafed, angry, enraged; (Ff. 1, 2, *"chaff'd"*); I. i. 123.

Challenge, the legal right of objecting to being tried by a person; II. iv. 77.

Chambers, small cannon discharged on festal occasions; I. iv. 49.

Cherubins, cherubs; I. i. 23.

Cheveril, kid-skin, used adjectively; II. iii. 32.

Chiding, noisy, clamorous; III. ii. 197.

Chine, joint of beef; (Collier MS., *"queen"*); V. iv. 27.

Churchman, ecclesiastic; I. iii. 55.

Cited, summoned to appear; IV. i. 29.

Clerks, clergy; II. ii. 92.

Clinquant, glittering with gold or silver lace; I. i. 19.

Clotharius, one of the Merovingian kings of France; taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.

Clubs! "In any public affray, the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); clubs were the weapons of the London apprentices; V. iv. 56.

Coasts, creeps along, like a vessel following the windings of the coast; III. ii. 38.

Colbrand, the Danish giant who, according to the old legend, was slain by Sir Guy of Warwick; V. iv. 23.

Cold, coldness; (Collier MS., *"coldness"*; S. Walker, *"color"*); IV. ii. 98.

Color, pretext; I. i. 178.

Come off, get out, escape; III. ii. 23.
Commends, delivers; II. iii. 61.
Commissions, warrants; I. ii. 20.
Compell'd, thrust upon one, unsought; II. iii. 87.
Complete, accomplished; I. ii. 118.
Conceit, conception, opinion; II. iii. 74.
Conceive, think, look upon; I. ii. 105.
Conclave, "the holy c.", *i. e.* the College of Cardinals; II. ii. 100.
Confederacy, conspiracy; I. ii. 3.
Confident; "I am c.", I have confidence in you; II. i. 146.
Conjunction; the technical term in astrology for the "conjunction" of two planets; III. ii. 45.
Consulting; "not c.," *i. e.* not c. with each other spontaneously; I. i. 91.
Contrary, contradictory; III. ii. 26.
Convented, convened, summoned; (Johnson, *"convened"*); V. i. 52.
Cope; "to c.", of encountering; I. ii. 78.
Covent, convent; IV. ii. 19.
Crab-tree, crab apple tree; V. iv. 8.
Credit, reputation; III. ii. 265.
Cum privilegio, "with exclusive right"; I. iii. 34.
Cure, curacy; I. iv. 33.

Dare, make to cower in fear; (*v.* note); III. ii. 282.
Dear, dearly; II. ii. 111.
Deliver, relate, report; I. ii. 143.
Demure, solemn; I. ii. 167.
Derived, drawn upon, brought upon; II. iv. 32.
Desperate, reckless, rash; III. i. 86.
Did, (*v.* Note); IV. ii. 60.
Difference, dissension; I. i. 101.
Discerner, critic; I. i. 32.
Discovers, reveals, betrays; V. iii. 71.
Disposed, used, employed; I. ii. 116.
Due; "due o' the verdict," right verdict; (Ff. 1, 2, *"dew"*); V. i. 131.
Dunstable, Dunstable Priory; IV. i. 27.

Easy roads, easy journeys, stages; IV. ii. 17.
Element, component part; I. i. 48.
Emballing, investment with the ball; one of the insignia of royalty used at a coronation; II. iii. 47.
Embracement, embrace; I. i. 10.
End; "the e.", at the bottom; (Long MS., *"at the end"*); II. i. 40.
Envy, malice, hatred; II. i. 85.
Equal, impartial; II. ii. 108.
Estate, state; II. ii. 70.
Even, pure, free from blemish; III. i. 37.
Ever; "not e.", *i. e.* not always; V. i. 129.
Exclamation, reproach, outcry; I. ii. 52.
Exhalation, meteor, shooting star; III. ii. 226.

Fail, failure of issue; I. ii. 145.
Fail'd, died; I. ii. 184.
Faints, makes faint; II. iii. 103.
Faith, fidelity; II. i. 145.
Father, father-in-law; II. i. 44.
Fearful, afraid, full of fear; V. i. 88.

FELLOW, equal; I. iii. 41.
FELLOWS, comrades; II. i. 73.
FIERCE, excessive; I. i. 54.
FILE, list; I. i. 75.
FILED WITH, kept pace with; (Ff., *"fill'd"*); III. ii. 171.
FINE HAND, nice business; V. iv. 79.
FIRE-DRAKE, fiery dragon, meteor, will o' the wisp; V. iv. 48.
FIT; "fit o' the face," grimace; I. iii. 7.
FIT, suitable; II. ii. 117.
FLAW'D, broken; I. i. 95; made rents in, wrought damage; I. ii. 21.
FOOL AND FEATHER, alluding to the grotesque plume of feathers in the jester's cap; I. iii. 25.
FOR, as for; II. ii. 50.
FORCE, urge; III. ii. 2.
FOREIGN MAN, one employed in foreign embassies; II. ii. 129.
FORGED, framed, planned; I. ii. 181.
FORTY HOURS, used for an indefinite time; III. ii. 253.
FORTY PENCE, a sum commonly used for a trifling wager; II. iii. 89.
FRAME, plan; I. ii. 44.
FREE, freely; II. i. 82.
FREE OF, unaffected by; II. iv. 99.
FRET, eat away; III. ii. 105.
FROM, of; III. ii. 268.
FRONT, am in the front rank; I. ii. 42.
FULLERS, cloth cleaners; I. ii. 33.
FURNISH'D, suitably appointed, arranged; II. ii. 141.

GAINSAY, deny; II. iv. 96.
GAIT, walk; (Ff., *"gate"*); III. ii. 116.
GALL'D, wounded; III. ii. 207.
GAP, passage; V. i. 36.
GAPING, bawling, shouting; V. iv. 3.
GAVE; "My mind g. me," *i. e.* gave me to understand, I had a misgiving; V. iii. 109.
GAVEST, didst impute to; III. ii. 262.
GIVES WAY, makes way, gives opportunity; III. ii. 16.
GLADDED, gladdened; II. iv. 196.
GLADDING, gladdening; V. i. 71.
GLISTERING, glistening, shining; II. iii. 21.
GLOSS; "painted g.", highly colored comment, rhetorical flourish; V. iii. 71.
GO ABOUT, intend to do; I. i. 131.
GOING OUT, expedition; I. i. 73.
GOOD, goodness, (? wealth; or, good man) merit (Johnson conj. *"ground"*); V. i. 22; (*vide* Note); IV. ii. 60.
GOSSIPS, sponsors; V. v. 13.
GOVERNMENT, self-control; II. iv. 138.
GRIEF, grievance; I. ii. 56.
GROSSER, coarser, ruder; I. ii. 84.
GUARDED, trimmed, ornamented; Prol. 16.
GUY, the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, the hero of the old romances; V. iv. 23.

HALL; "the hall," *i. e.* Westminster Hall; II. i. 2.
HAPPIEST; "h. hearers," *i. e.* best disposed, most favorable; Prol. 24.
HAPPILY, haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 10.
HARDLY, harshly, unfavorably; I. ii. 105.
HARD-RULED, not easily managed; III. ii. 101.
HAVE-AT-HIM, attack, thrust; (*vide* Note); II. ii. 85.

HAVE AT YOU; an exclamation of warning in attacking; III. ii. 309.

HAVING, possession, wealth; II. iii. 23.

HE, man; V. iii. 131.

HEART; "the best h.", the very essence, core; I. ii. 1.

HEDGES, creeps along by hedgerows; (Warburton, *"edges"*); III. ii. 39.

HEIGHT; "to the h.", in the highest degree; I. ii. 214.

HELD, *i. e.* have it acknowledged; I. iii. 47.

——, did hold good; II. i. 149.

HIRE, (dissyllabic); II. iii. 36.

HOLIDAME; "by my h.", an oath; (Ff., *"holydame"*; Rowe, *"holy Dame"*); V. i. 116.

HOURS, (dissyllabic); V. i. 2.

HULLING, floating to and fro; II. iv. 199.

HUSBAND; "an ill h.", a bad economist or manager; III. ii. 142.

IN, concerning; II. iv. 103.

INCENSED, incited, made to believe; (Nares, *"insens'd"* *i. e.* informed); V. i. 43.

INDIFFERENT, impartial, unbiased; II. iv. 17.

INDURANCE, durance, imprisonment; V. i. 121.

INNUMERABLE; "i. substance," untold wealth, immense treasure; (Hanmer, *"i. sums"*); III. ii. 326.

INTERPRETERS; "sick i.", prejudiced critics; I. ii. 82.

ISSUES, sons; III. ii. 291.

ITEM, again, further; used in enumeration; III. ii. 320.

ITS, its own; (Ff., *"it's"*); I. i. 18.

JADED, treated like jades, spurned; III. ii. 280.

JUSTIFY, confirm, ratify; I. ii. 6.

KEECH, the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by a butcher in a round lump, hence a name given to Wolsey, the butcher's son; (F. 4, *"Ketch,"*); I. i. 55.

KIMBOLTON, Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdon; now the seat of the Duke of Manchester; (F. 1, 2, *"Kymmalton"* probably the contemporary pronunciation of the word); IV. i. 34.

KNOCK IT, beat time; I. iv. 108.

LAG END, latter end; I. iii. 35.

LARGE COMMISSION, warrant exercising full power; III. ii. 320.

LATE, "lately considered valid"; IV. i. 33.

LAY, resided, dwelt; IV. i. 28.

LAY BY THE HEELS, put in the stocks; V. iv. 87.

LAY UPON, charge, impute; III. ii. 265.

LEARNEDLY, like one learned in the law; II. i. 28.

LEAVE, leave off, desist; IV. ii. 94.

LEGATINE, pertaining to a legate (F. 1, *"Legatiue"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"Legantive"*; F. 4, *"Legantine"*); III. ii. 339.

LEISURE, time at one's own disposal; (Collier MS., *"labour"*); III. ii. 140.

LET; "let him be," even though he be; IV. ii. 146.

LETTERS-PATENTS (the correct Anglo-French form of *literæ patentes*), letters patent; III. ii. 250.

LEVEL, aim; I. ii. 2.

LIKE IT, may it please; I. i. 100.

LIMBO PATRUM, prison; strictly the place where the souls of the Fathers of the Old Testament remained till Christ's descent to hell; V. iv. 72.

LINE, equator; V. iv. 47.

LIST, pleases; II. ii. 22.

LITTLE; "in a l.", in few words, briefly; II. i. 11.

'LONGING, belonging; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"longing"*); F. 4, *"longing"*; I. ii. 32.

LOOK FOR, expect; V. iv. 11.

LOOSE, free of speech; II. i. 127.

LOP, the smaller branches of a tree cut off for faggots; I. ii. 96.

LOSE, forget; II. i. 57.

MAIDENHEAD, maidenhood; II. iii. 23.

MAIN, general; IV. i. 31.

MAKINGS; "royal m.", ensigns of royalty; IV. i. 87.

MANAGE, training; V. iii. 24.

MARK, a coin worth 13s. 4d.; V. i. 170.

MARSHALSEA, the well known prison; afterwards used as a debtors' prison; V. iv. 94.

MAY, can; I. ii. 200.

MAY-DAY MORNING; "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savor of sweet flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind" (Stowe); V. iv. 16.

MAZED, amazed, bewildering; II. iv. 185.

MEAN, means; V. iii. 146.

MEASURE, a slow stately dance; I. iv. 106.

MEMORIZED, made memorable; III. ii. 52.

MERE, utter, absolute; III. ii. 329.

MINCING, affectation; II. iii. 31.

MIND, memory; III. ii. 138.

MINDS, "their royal m.", their devotion to the king"; (Pope, *"loyal"*); IV. i. 8.

MISTAKEN, misjudged; I. i. 195.

MISTAKES, misunderstands; III. i. 101.

MO, more; II. iii. 97.

MODEL, image, copy; IV. ii. 132.

MODEST, moderate; V. iii. 69.

MODESTY, moderation; IV. ii. 74.

MOIETY, half; I. ii. 12.

MOORFIELDS, a place of resort where the trainbands of the city were exercised; V. iv. 34.

MOTIONS, motives, impulses; I. i. 153.

MOUNTING, raising on high; I. ii. 205.

MOUNTS, makes to mount; I. i. 144.

MUSIC, musicians; IV. ii. 94.

MYSTERIES, artificial fashions; I. iii. 2.

NAUGHTY, wicked; V. i. 138.

NEW-TRIMM'D, newly fitted up; I. ii. 80.

NOISED, rumored, reported; I. ii. 105.

NOTE, notice; "gives n.", proclaims; I. i. 63; information; I. ii. 48.

NOTED, noticed, observed; II. i. 46.

NOTHING, not at all; V. i. 125.

O', off from; V. iv. 97.

OBJECTIONS, accusations; III. ii. 307.

Offer, opportunity; III. ii. 4.
Office; "the o.", *i. e.* the officers (Roderick conj. *"each office"*); I. i. 44.
Omit, miss, neglect; III. ii. 3.
On, of; I. i. 94.
Once, at one time; I. ii. 82.
On's, of his; III. ii. 106.
Open; "in o.", openly, in public; III. ii. 404.
Opinion, reputation (*Vide* note); Prol. 20.
Opposing, placing face to face; (Long MS., *"exposing"*); IV. i. 67.
Other, otherwise; I. iii. 58.
Outgo, go beyond, surpass; I. ii. 207.
Out of, except; III. ii. 13.
Outspeaks, exceeds; III. ii. 127.
Outworths, exceeds in value; I. i. 123.

Pace, put through their paces; V. iii. 22.
Pain, pains; III. ii. 72.
Painting; "as a p.", *i. e.* of the cheeks; I. i. 26.
Pales, palings, enclosure; V. iv. 98.
Panging, inflicting great pain; II. iii. 15.
Papers, sets down on the list; (Campbell, *"the papers"*; Staunton conj. *"he paupers"*); (*vide* Note); I. i. 80.
Paragon'd, regarded as a model or pattern; II. iv. 230.
Parcels, parts, items; III. ii. 125.
Pared, diminished; III. ii. 159.
Paris-garden, the celebrated bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Parish Garden"*); V. iv. 2.
Part away, depart; III. i. 97.
Parted, departed; IV. i. 92; shared, V. ii. 28.
Particular, special ground; III. ii. 189.
Part of, in part, partly; III. i. 24.
Peck, pitch, fling; (Johnson, *"pick"*); V. iv. 98.
Pepin, one of the Carlovingian Kings of France, taken as a type of antiquity; I. iii. 10.
Period; "his p.", the end he wishes to attain; I. ii. 209.
Perk'd up, made smart, dressed up; II. iii. 21.
Perniciously, hatefully, to the death; II. i. 50.
Phœnix; "maiden p.", so called because the bird was sexless and did not reproduce itself in the ordinary course of nature, but arose from its ashes; V. v. 41.
Pillars, the insignia of cardinals; II. iv. (stage direction).
Pinked, pierced with holes; V. iv. 53.
Pitch, height, dignity; (Warburton, *"pinch"*; Theobald conj. *"batch"*); II. ii. 50.
Pity, subject for compassion; II. iii. 10.
Plain-song, simple melody, without variations; I. iii. 45.
Play; "make my play"; *i. e.* "win what I play for"; I. iv. 46.
Pluck off, abate from the rank; II. iii. 40.
Porringer, cap shaped like a porringer or porridge bowl; V. iv. 53.
Powers, people of highest power and authority; (Vaughan conj. *"peers"*); II. iv. 113.
Powle's, *i. e.* St. Paul's Cathe-

dral; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Powles"*; F. 3, *"Poule's"*; F. 4, *"Pauls"*); V. iv. 17.

PRACTICE, plot, artifice; I. i. 204.

PRÆMUNIRE, a writ issued against any one who has committed the offense of introducing foreign authority into England; (probably a corruption of *præmonere*); III. ii. 340.

PRAYERS (dissyllabic); II. i. 77.

PREFERR'D, promoted; IV. i. 102.

PRESENCE, presence-chamber; III. i. 17; King's presence, IV. ii. 37.

PRESENT, present moment; V. iii. 9.

PRESENT, immediate; I. ii. 211.

PRESS, crowd, mob; (Ff. 1, 2, *"preasse"*; F. 3, *"preass"*); V. iv. 92.

PRIME, first; III. ii. 162.

PRIMER, more urgent, more pressing; I. ii. 67.

PRIMERO, an ancient game of cards, fashionable in those days; V. i. 7.

PRIVATE, alone; II. ii. 12.

PRIVILY, privately; I. i. 183.

PRIVITY, concurrence, knowledge; I. i. 74.

PROOF; "in p.", when brought to the test; I. i. 197.

PROPER, fine, (used ironically); I. i. 98.

PURSE; "the p.", *i. e.* the bag containing the great seal carried before him as Lord Chancellor; I. i. 114–115.

PUT OFF, dismissed; I. ii. 32; discard, dismiss; II. iv. 21.

PUTTER ON, instigator; I. ii. 24.

QUALITY, nature; I. ii. 84.

QUEEN, play the queen; II. iii. 37.

RAISED HEAD, levied an army; II. i. 108.

RANGE, rank; II. iii. 20.

RANKNESS, exuberance; IV. i. 59.

RATE, estimation, scale; III. ii. 127.

READ, learn, take example; (Collier conj. *"tread"*); V. v. 38.

RECEIPT, reception; "such r. of learning"= the reception of such learning; II. ii. 139.

RESPECT; "dear r.", *i. e.* intense regard; V. iii. 119.

RINSING, (*vide* Note); I. i. 167.

RUB, obstacle, impediment; (a term in bowling); II. i. 129.

RUN IN; "is r. in," has run into, incurred; I. ii. 110.

SABA, the queen of Sheba; (the Vulgate *"Regina Saba"*); V. v. 24.

SACRING BELL, the bell rung at mass at the elevation of the Host; (Rowe, Pope, *"scaring bell"*); III. ii. 295.

SALUTE, touch, affect, exhilarate; (Collier MS., *"elate"*); II. iii. 103.

SAVING, with all due respect to; II. iii. 31.

SAW, "we s."; *i. e.* saw each other, met; (Ff. 3, 4, *"saw y'"*); I. i. 2.

SECTARY, dissenter; V. iii. 70.

SEEMING, show, appearance; II. iv. 108.

SENNET, a set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, played at the entry or exit of a procession; II. iv. (stage direction).

SET, sitting; III. i. 74.

SET ON, set forward; II. iv. 241.

SHOT; "loose s.", random shooters, skirmishers; V. iv. 63.

SHREWD, ill, ill-natured; V. iii. 178.
SHROUDS, sail-ropes, rigging of a ship; IV. i. 72.
SICK, sick with pride; II. ii. 83; feeble, III. i. 118.
SICKEN'D, impaired; (Theobald conj. *"slacken'd"*); I. i. 82.
SIGN, set a stamp on; II. iv. 108.
SILENCED; "the ambassador is s.", *i. e.* "commanded to keep his house in silence," (Hall's *Chronicles*); I. i. 97.
SINGLE, sincere, untainted; V. iii. 38.
SLEPT UPON, been blinded to the faults of; II. ii. 43.
SLIGHTLY, smoothly, rapidly; (S. Walker conj. *"lightly"*); II. iv. 112.
SOLICITED, informed, moved, stirred; I. ii. 18.
SOMETHING, somewhat; I. i. 195.
SOMETIMES, sometime, at one time; II. iv. 181.
SOOTH, truth; II. iii. 30.
SOUGHT, gave occasion for, incurred; V. ii. 15.
SOUND, proclaim; V. ii. 13.
SOUNDER, more loyal; III. ii. 274.
SPANIARD; "the S.", *i. e.* the Spanish court; II. ii. 90.
SPANN'D, measured, limited; I. i. 223.
SPARING, niggardliness; I. iii. 60.
SPAVIN, a disease in horses; I. iii. 12.
SPEAK, bear witness; II. iv. 166; describe, III. i. 125.
SPINSTERS, spinners; I. ii. 33.
SPLEEN, malice, enmity; I. ii. 174.
SPLEENY, hot-headed; III. ii. 99.
SPOIL, destroy, ruin; I. ii. 175.
SPRINGHALT, a disease in horses; I. iii. 13.
STAND ON, rely upon; V. i. 122.
STATE, chair of state, throne; I. ii.; canopy; I. iv. (stage direction).
STAYING, waiting; IV. ii. 105.
STILL, continually, constantly; II. ii. 126.
STIRS AGAINST, is active against; (Collier MS., *"strives"*); V. iii. 39.
STOMACH, pride, arrogance; IV. ii. 34.
STOOD TO, sided with; II. iv. 86.
STRAINS, embraces; IV. i. 46.
STROVE, striven; II. iv. 30.
SUDDENLY, immediately; V. iv. 87.
SUFFERANCE, suffering, pain; II. iii. 15.
SUGGESTION, underhanded practice, craft; IV. ii. 35.
SUGGESTS, incites; I. i. 164.

TAINTED, disgraced; IV. ii. 14.
TAKE PEACE, make peace; II. i. 85.
TALKER, a *mere* talker (as opposed to one who performs his promise); II. ii. 80.
TEMPERANCE, moderation, self-restraint; I. i. 124.
TENDANCE, attention; III. ii. 149.
TENDER, have care, regard for; II. iv. 116.
THAT, so that; I. i. 25.
THIS, (Ff. *"his"*); V. iii. 133.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; V. i. 110.
TIED, brought into a condition of bondage; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Ty'de"*; F. 4, *"Ty'd"*; Hanmer, *"Tyth'd"*); IV. ii. 36.
TIME, present state of things; V. i. 37.
TO, against; III. ii. 92.
TO BE, as to be; III. i. 86.

Top-proud, proud in the highest degree; I. i. 151.
Touch, hint; V. i. 13.
Trace, follow; (Clark MS., *"grace"*); III. ii. 45.
Tract, course, process; I. i. 40.
Trade, beaten track; (Warburton *"tread"*); V. i. 36.
Trembling; "a tr. contribution," a c. so great that it makes the giver tremble, (or, (?) makes us tremble); (Collier MS., *"trebling"*); I. ii. 95.
Trow; "I t.", I believe; (Ff. 1, 2, *"troa"*); I. i. 184.
Truncheoners, men with clubs or truncheons; (Ff. 3, 4, *"Truncheons"*); V. iv. 57.
Types, distinguishing marks, signs; I. iii. 31.

Undertakes, takes charge of; II. i. 97.
Unhappily, unfavorably; I. iv. 89.
Unpartial, impartial; II. ii. 107.
Unwittingly, unintentionally; III. ii. 123.
Use; "make u.", take advantage of the opportunity; III. ii. 420.
Used myself, behaved, conducted myself; III. i. 176.

Vacant, devoid, empty; V. i. 125.
Values; "not v.", is not worth; I. i. 88.
Virtue; "by that v."; by virtue of that office; V. iii. 50.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 179.
Voices; "free v.", candid opinion; II. ii. 94.
Voice, vote; I. ii. 70; rumor, general talk, III. ii. 405.
Vouch, testimony, attestation; I. i. 157.

Wag, move; I. i. 33.
Was, "w. too far"; *i. e.* went beyond proper bounds; III. i. 65.
Way, way of thinking, religious belief; V. i. 28.
Ween, deem, imagine; V. i. 135.
Weigh, value; V. i. 124.
Weigh out, outweigh; III. i. 88.
Well said, well done; I. iv. 30.
Whoever, whomsoever; II. i. 47.
Will, desire; I. ii. 13.
Will'd, desired; III. i. 18.
Wit, understanding; III. i. 72.
Withal, with; III. ii. 130.
Witness, testimony; V. i. 136.
Work, outwork, fortification; V. iv. 65.
Worship, noble rank, nobility; I. i. 39.
Wot, know; III. ii. 122.

You, yourself; I. iv. 20.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the evidence as to the first enactment of the play? What as to the probable time of its composition?

2. For what occasion may it have been completed?

3. Are there other hands than Shakespeare's evident in it? What are the criteria to this effect? Cite passages in support of the opinion.

4. What characteristics of Henry are made plain in the drama?

5. What portrait is drawn of Anne Bullen? What impression do we get of her character?

6. What are the strong points in the drawing of Katharine?

7. From what was the historical matter of the play derived?

8. What strong point is brought out through the reverses of those in power in the play? How are their characters shown through them?

9. Were there other plays in which Cardinal Wolsey was a central figure?

ACT I

10. What great pageant has taken place, as referred to by Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny in scene i? What do they complain about it?

11. What does Buckingham say of the Cardinal of York that is significant of the latter's political methods? What do we also learn of his claim to power?

12. What is Buckingham's attitude of mind at the time of his arrest that adds to the dramatic effect?

13. What others are arrested with him, and why? Who has instigated the arrests?

14. What measure of deference to Katharine as Queen is shown by Henry in scene ii?

15. What plea does Katharine bring to the King? How does Wolsey evade the issue, in this connection?

16. What is related of Buckingham before the King and Queen?

17. How is Katharine's attitude toward Wolsey and toward the tales against Buckingham shown, in this scene?

18. What is said of the lavishness in entertaining, of Wolsey, in scene iii?

19. What main purpose in the drama does the introduction of the revels at York Place serve?

ACT II

20. Detail the report concerning Buckingham, at his trial.

21. What were Wolsey's reasons for sending Surrey to Ireland? In this connection what further is said of Wolsey's methods with whoever came into the king's favor?

22. What is revealed as the cause of Wolsey's wish to stir the king towards a divorce from Katharine?

23. What instance of the Cardinal's tyrannical rapacity is given in the opening of scene ii?

24. What is hinted as the cause of Henry's "troubled conscience"?

25. How does Norfolk speak of the matter of the divorce,—and of the Queen?

26. What is apparent of the nobles' feeling towards Wolsey?

27. What personal manner does Henry display in scene ii?

28. What does Campeius say to Wolsey of the people's gossip relative to the installation of Gardiner? What does this show of incidents that made for eventual sentiment against Wolsey?

29. What impression of Anne Bullen's sincerity is given through the remarks of the Old Lady, in scene iii?

30. Relate the substance of Katharine's lines in the trial-scene, and describe the personal impression it conveys. What is said of Mrs. Siddons' acting of this passage?

31. How does the Queen express herself towards Wolsey? How does he receive her speeches to him?

32. Wherein is the note of hypocrisy in Henry's speeches after Katharine's withdrawal from the Court?

ACT III

33. Describe the opening of scene i, and its dramatic effect with regard to Katharine's state of mind?

34. How does she meet the two Cardinals? What is the tenor of her talk with them?

35. What letter falls into Henry's hands to the undoing of Wolsey? Which of the Lords take advantage of it? and why?

36. What had been the errand of Cranmer for the King? What is predicted for him on account of its performance?

37. Was the incident of the King's discovery of Wolsey's appropriation of public moneys a true one as regarded Wolsey? What were the facts of it?

38. What were the several articles of the charge against Wolsey?

39. How does Wolsey accept his degradation? In what ways is the effect of it upon himself made to appear salutary?

ACT IV

40. How are we introduced to the action of Act IV?

41. What is related of the situation as regards Katharine?

42. Describe the pageant of the Coronation.

43. Why is the transposition of the dates of Wolsey's and Katharine's deaths necessary to the best dramatic order of events in the play?

44. Describe the scene of Katharine's last hours.

45. What two aspects of Wolsey do the lines of Katharine and Griffith counterpose?

46. What colleges were founded by Wolsey? How has Edmund Campian, in his *Historie of Ireland*, described Wolsey? How does this description tally with that developed in the drama?

47. How did it happen that Katharine was left poorly attended at Ampthill?

48. What did she recommend to the King in her last letter to him by Capucius?

ACT V

49. What is the main matter of Act V?

50. What was Gardiner's reason for expressing less good will toward Anne Bullen than toward her newborn child?

51. Through what passages is there presage of the religious factions that were eventually to disturb England?

52. What do Gardiner and his faction plan against Cranmer?

53. What incident makes the King suspect them of malice as well as enmity?

54. What advice did Henry give to Cranmer to assist him against the other faction? What token did he give him to obtain a revoke? What was the historic power of such a token?

55. What methods of secret vigilance did our ancestors devise in the building of their houses, and why?

56. How does Cranmer meet the charges brought against him in the council chamber?

57. How is this matter related by Fox? How does the King resolve it in the drama, upon his entrance?

58. Describe the pageant of the christening.

59. What is the prophecy of Cranmer with regard to the child Elizabeth?

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